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A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK

YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST

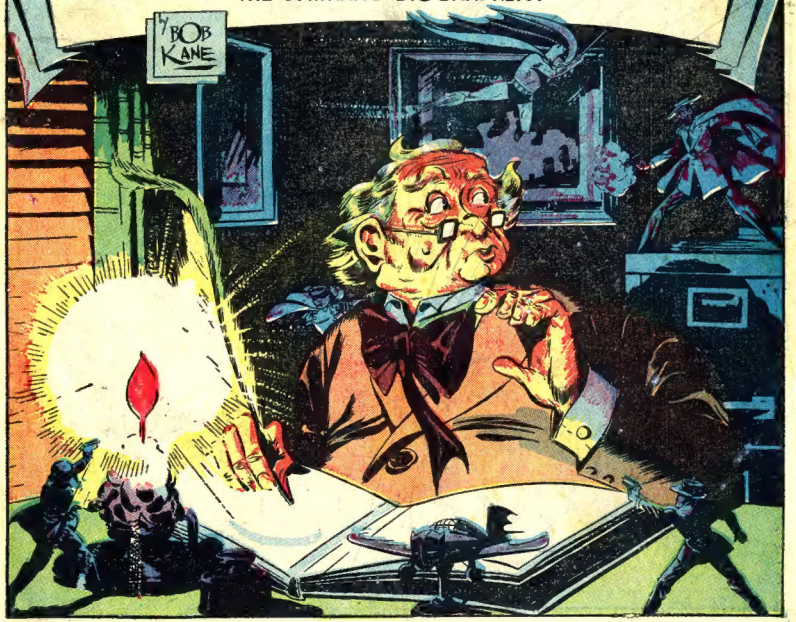
BATMAN No. 17—June-July, 1943, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. F. W. Ellsworth, Editor. Re-entered as second class matter Aug. 1, 1941 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Entire contents copyrighted 1943 by Detective Comics, Inc. Except those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

# BAT MAN

WITH

# ROBIN

HE WAS AN INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE MAN, IMPORTANT ONLY TO THE CHILDREN WHO LOVED HIS STIRRING TALES -- YET HE DREAMED OF GIVING THE WORLD A SHRINE AND A BOOK TO IMMORTALIZE THE SHINING IDEALS OF TWO HEROES HE HAD NEVER MET -- THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!... BUT WHEN CRIMINALS OF DIABOLICAL CLEVERNESS BEGAN TO PROFIT BY HIS UNSELFISH LABORS, HE THOUGHT HIS LIFE A TRAGIC FAILURE -- UNTIL THE MIGHTY CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE THEMSELVES FLASHED INTO DAZZLING ACTION TO SHATTER THE CUNNING CONJURER'S EVIL ILLUSIONS AND BRING SUPREME HAPPINESS TO -- **" THE BATMAN'S BIOGRAPHER !"**



MANY MEN IN GOTHAM CITY ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN B. BOSWELL BROWNE, BUT NONE IS MORE POPULAR WITH THE CHILDREN OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD...
PLEASE TELL US MORE ABOUT THEM, MR. BROWNE!
GEE, THEY'RE BRAVE LIKE THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR'S TIME, AREN'T THEY?
YOU BET THEY'RE BRAVE, BOBBY! I TELL YOU IT MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG AND ADVENTUROUS JUST TALKING ABOUT THEM!
KEEP OUT GRASS
ENTER BRUCE WAYNE, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...
THE KIDS SEEM FASCINATED BY THAT LITTLE OLD MAN! LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!
HE'S PROBABLY TELLING THEM FAIRY TALES!
... AND IT WOULD BE A FINER WORLD IF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN COULD LIVE FOREVER! BUT SINCE THEY CAN'T, THE NEXT BEST THING IS FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL TO TRY TO BE AS HONEST AND KIND AS THEY!
BRUCE, DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR?
PARDON ME -- BUT WE COULDN'T HELP HEARING! YOU SEEM TO THINK A LOT OF ROBIN AND THE BATMAN!
INDEED I DO! I FLATTER MYSELF THAT I KNOW MORE ABOUT THEM THAN ANY OTHER PERSON, AND I AM WRITING A BOOK ABOUT THEM FOR THE INSPIRATION OF FUTURE GENERATIONS!
A BOOK? BOY, WOULD I LOVE TO READ IT!
I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE INTERESTED... HAVE YOU BY ANY CHANCE FOLLOWED THEIR AMAZING ADVENTURES?
WELL -- ER-- YOU MIGHT SAY WE'VE KEPT UP WITH THEM, MORE OR LESS!
YOU MUST COME TO MY ROOM AND SEE MY BATMAN SOUVENIRS! I'M DEVOTING MY LIFE TO COLLECTING THEM, AND I HOPE THEY WILL SOME DAY BE PRESERVED IN A PUBLIC SHRINE!
THIS IS VERY NICE OF YOU!
WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE, SPOILIN' OUR STORY?
THAT PAINTING COST MORE THAN I COULD REALLY AFFORD -- SO I MOVED TO THIS LITTLE ATTIC ROOM TO MAKE UP FOR IT!
AN EXCELLENT JOB, TOO... YOU'D THINK THE ARTIST PAINTED IT FROM LIFE!
THE BATMAN TORE THIS EMBLEM FROM HIS CHEST AND HELD IT OVER A LOCOMOTIVE HEADLIGHT TO PREVENT A TRAIN WRECK! YOU MAY HAVE READ OF IT IN THE NEWSPAPERS!
I SEEM TO RECALL IT, SOMEHOW!
ROBIN RESCUES BATMAN FROM FALSE KILLERS
BATMAN SNUFFS JONES RACKET PRINCE
BATMAN DUSTS NAZI SPY RING
SPY

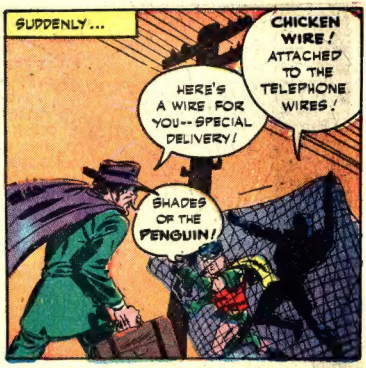
ROBIN LOST THIS GOLDEN CAPE DURING A BATTLE WITH RIVER PIRATES! I GOT IT FROM A MAN WHO FOUND IT FLOATING IN THE HARBOR!
SEEMS TO ME I REMEMBER THAT CASE TOO!
HERE IS ONE OF THE BATMAN'S SPECIAL SILKEN ROPES.. HE DELIVERED THE PENGUIN TO PRISON, TIED WITH IT!
AN ELUSIVE BIRD, THE PENGUIN-- SO I'VE HEARD!
AND THIS IS THE BOOK I'M WRITING ABOUT THE PAIR OF THEM-- ONLY I MAY NEVER PUBLISH IT!
NOT PUBLISH IT! WHY?
BECAUSE I WON'T FEEL THAT I REALLY KNOW THEM TILL I'VE MET AND TALKED WITH THEM! THAT HAS BEEN MY GREATEST AMBITION-BUT IT MAY NEVER COME TO PASS!
BUT THAT'S EASY! ER--I MEAN, QUITE LIKELY YOU'LL RUN INTO THEM ONE OF THESE DAYS!
YES, MR. BROWNE-- I HAVE A STRONG FEELING THAT YOU WILL!
LATER...
THE NEXT TIME WE'RE ON THE PROWL, IN UNIFORM, WE OUGHT TO PAY B. BOSWELL BROWNE A VISIT!
WE WILL! AND WE'LL BE ON THE PROWL TONIGHT-- AND EVERY NIGHT, TILL WE'VE COLLARED THE CONJURER-- THE BRAIN BEHIND THIS NEW WAVE OF TRICKY ROBBERIES!
THE CONJURER-- SELF-STYLED WORKER OF MIRACLES OF CRIME! AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE NEXT STREET, HE AND HIS STOOGES GATHER A SKEPTICAL CROWD OF PASSERS-BY...
WHAT--YOU SMILE? DO YOU DOUBT THAT I HAVE THE POWER TO CALL DOWN DESTRUCTION FROM THE SKY? LET ME PROVE IT!
READY WIT' DA FIREWORKS, CREEPER?
HERE DEY GO, TRIGGER... GET READY TA MOVE FAST!
JEWELRY
BEHOLD, I SHALL DESTROY YOU ALL!
BOOM!
INTA DA STORE, EVERYBODY! WE'LL GET KILLED OUT HERE!
INTO THE STORE--FOR YOUR LIVES!
3

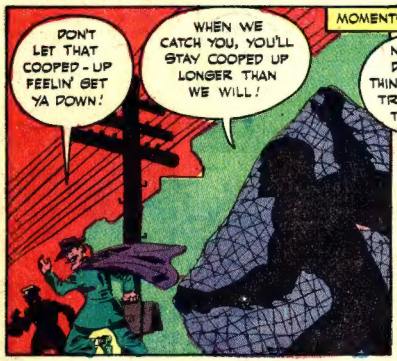
TERRIFIED MEN AND WOMEN TURN THE JEWELRY SHOP INTO A SCENE OF MAD PANDEMONIUM...
HELP!
SAVE ME!
LOCK THE DOOR!
GOODNESS -- THERE MUST BE AN AIR RAID!
AND AS INKY SMOKE FILLS THE INTERIOR, NIMBLE HANDS STRIKE AND SMASH AND ROB!
WOTTA SETUP! DA PUBLIC HELPS US START A RIOT -- AN' BEFORE IT'S OVER, WE'RE BACK IN OUR HIDEOUT WIT' DA LOOT!
THERE'D BE MORE LOOT IF YOU'D USE YOUR HANDS INSTEAD OF YOUR MOUTH AND FEET!
ROCKABYE BABY!
PRESENTLY...
SMOKE -- AND PEOPLE YELLING IN THAT JEWELRY SHOP! BRUCE, DO YOU THINK--?
I THINK IT'S A MATTER THE BATMAN AND ROBIN SHOULD INVESTIGATE! QUICK INTO THIS DOORWAY!
A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF COSTUME AND TWO AWESOME FIGURES OF JUSTICE CHARGE TOWARD THE SCENE OF DISORDER!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
ISN'T IT NICE THAT LIFE NEVER GETS BORING?
HUH?... DA BATMAN!
AN' ROBIN!
WELL, WELL -- THE CONJURER! YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO CONJURE US UP, DID YOU?
HERE'S WHERE HEEL MEETS HEEL!
DIG'LL STOP YA, BATMAN!
JEWELRY
THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO STOP IS A FIST!
LOOK OUT, YOU CLUMSY IDIOT!
4

BUT THE CONJURER PACKS A WALLOP ALSO -- IN THE FORM OF A FINE WHITE MIST !
HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR MEDDLERS!
MY EYES!
AMMONIA FUMES !
UNDER COVER OF THE AMMONIA BARRAGE, THE CRIMINALS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT -- WITHOUT THEIR LOOT !
FORGET THE LOOT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE COPS COME !
WHERE (COUGH) ARE YOU, ROBIN ?
I'M NOT (COUGH) SURE !
AT HOME IN HIS UNDERWORLD LAIR, THE CONJURER IS A FREE MAN BUT AN UNHAPPY ONE...
HALF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GEMS LEFT BEHIND! WE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OF OUT-SMARTING THE BATMAN !
LISTEN, BOSS -- I GOT A IDEA OF SOMEBODY WHO CAN MAYBE HELP YA !
I'M IN DA PARK, SWIPIN' A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FER ME GOIL, SEE ? AN' HERE'S DIS OLD GEEZER TELLIN' STORIES ABOUT DA BATMAN TO A GANG O' BRATS !. HE CLAIMS HE KNO'S ALL ABOUT DAT GUY- ALL HIS TRICKS AN' EVERYTHIN' !
CREEPER, YOURE NOT AS BIG A SAP AS YOU LOOK !
SO IT IS THAT B. BOSWELL BROWNE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR THAT EVENING..
GOOD EVENING, MR BROWNE! MY NAME IS --ER-- SMITH, A REPORTER FROM THE "EVENING NEWS." I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU ABOUT THE BATMAN !
THE BATMAN ? COME RIGHT IN, MR SMITH ! I NEVER GET TIRED OF TALKING ABOUT HIM!
... AND SO YOU SEE, AFTER ALL MY YEARS OF STUDY, I FEEL THAT I UNDERSTAND THE BATMAN BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE DOES!
VERY INTERESTING! BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TIMES WHEN CLEVER CROOKS OUTWITTED HIM...
YES -- TEMPORARILY. ONCE THE PENGUIN -- AS CLEVER A CRIMINAL AS EVER LIVED -- RIGGED UP A CHICKEN-WIRE TRAP, AND HERE'S HOW HE USED IT ...
THIS IS THE STUFF I WANT..
VERY INTERESTING ! CAN YOU FORTELL WHAT HE WOULD DO IN A GIVEN SITUATION ? LET US SUPPOSE A GANG OF THIEVES WAS ROBBING A BROKERAGE OFFICE ON AN UPPER FLOOR OF A TALL BUILDING...
PROBABLY CLIMB THE BUILDING OPPOSITE AND SWING INTO BATTLE WITH THE AID OF HIS SILKEN ROPE!
5

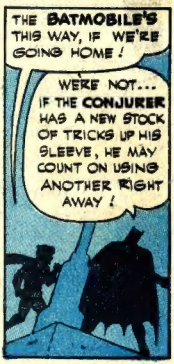
LATER, A SINISTER EVENT OCCURS IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...
TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET, COPPER!
OOH-H-H
HURRY, CREEPER -- PUT ON HIS COAT AND CAP!
...LEADING UP TO ANOTHER ILLUSION OUT OF THE CONJURER'S BAG OF TRICKS -- LESS DRAMATIC BUT QUITE EFFECTIVE...
STAND WHERE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN CAN SEE YOU PLAINLY, CREEPER! YOU MAKE A GOOD-LOOKING COP!
YA DON'T HAFTA INSULT ME!
A HEAVY BOLT IS WITHDRAWN... THE SIDE DOOR OF A BULLET-PROOF GLASS IS OPENED... AND --
WHAT'S UP, FLANNERY?... WHY YOU'RE NOT FLANNERY!
YOU BET I AIN'T! STICK UP YER MITTS AN' DON'T REACH FER ANY ALARM BUTTONS!
ALL WE WANT TO DO IS PERFORM A LITTLE MAGIC, MY FRIEND -- BY MAKING ABOUT ½ HALF A MILLION DOLLARS DISAPPEAR!
HAW, HAW! GREAT SENSE O' HUMOR YA GOT, BOSS!
NOT FAR FROM THIS UNHAPPY SCENE, A SLEEK, RAKISH VEHICLE GLIDES THROUGH SHADOWED STREETS--THE BATMOBILE!
YOU SEE, ROBIN, IT'S MY THEORY THAT THE CONJURER WILL BE SO MAD ABOUT LOSING THAT LOOT, HE'LL TRY TO PULL A BIG JOB TONIGHT!
BATMAN-- LOOK THERE, ON THE RIGHT! IT'S A MAN!
IT'S OFFICER FLANNERY! WHAT HAPPENED?
W-WHERE AM I?... BATMAN... A BUILDIN' MUST HAVE FALLEN ON ME!
NOT A BUILDING, FLANNERY... IT WAS SOMEBODY WHO WANTED YOUR UNIFORM -- AND THERE THEY ARE!
SURE ENOUGH! OH, BOY--MY KNUCKLES ARE ITCHING!
6

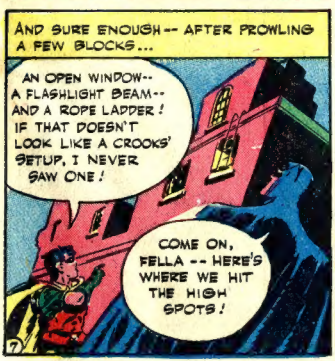
WELL, IF IT AIN'T OUR OLD PALS!
NO? WAIT 'TILL WE GET OUR HANDS ON THEM...
HUH?... THEY DON'T SEEM SCARED!

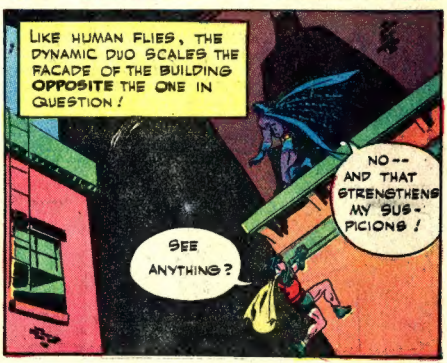

SUDDENLY...
CHICKEN WIRE! ATTACHED TO THE TELEPHONE WIRES!
HERE'S A WIRE FOR YOU--SPECIAL DELIVERY!
SHADES OF THE PENGUIN!


DON'T LET THAT COOPED-UP FEELIN' GET YA DOWN!
WHEN WE CATCH YOU, YOU'LL STAY COOPED UP LONGER THAN WE WILL!

MOMENTS LATER...
NOW HOW DID THEY THINK UP A TRICK LIKE THAT?
THEY DIDN'T--IT WAS THE PENGUIN'S IDEA ORIGINALLY! YOU SEE, FLANNERY, THEY'VE BEEN DOING RESEARCH WORK--OR HAVING SOMEONE DO IT FOR THEM!

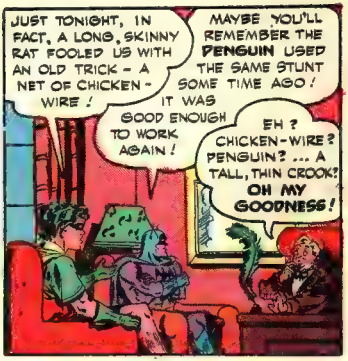

THE BATMOBILE'S THIS WAY, IF WE'RE GOING HOME!
WE'RE NOT... IF THE CONJURER HAS A NEW STOCK OF TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE, HE MAY COUNT ON USING ANOTHER RIGHT AWAY!


AND SURE ENOUGH-- AFTER PROWLING A FEW BLOCKS...
AN OPEN WINDOW--A FLASHLIGHT BEAM--AND A ROPE LADDER! IF THAT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A CROOKS' SETUP, I NEVER SAW ONE!
COME ON, FELLA -- HERE'S WHERE WE HIT THE HIGH SPOTS!
7

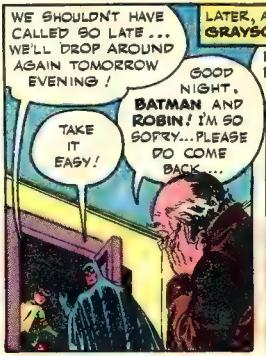

LIKE HUMAN FLIES, THE DYNAMIC DUO SCALES THE FACADE OF THE BUILDING OPPOSITE THE ONE IN QUESTION!
NO--AND THAT STRENGTHENS MY SUSPICIONS!
SEE ANYTHING?

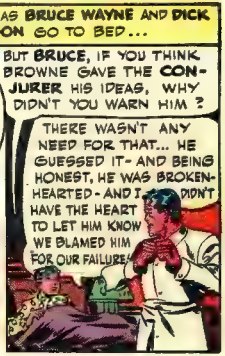
I DOUBT IF WE'D FIND ANYBODY TO HIT! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS OUR METHODS TOO WELL IS HELPING THESE CROOKS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T WE SWING ACROSS THE STREET AS USUAL, AND HIT 'EM HARD?
--SO WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THIS BUILDING FIRST!... WHA--! A WHISTLE!
WHEEE--EEEE
IT'S A SIGNAL! I CAN SEE A MAN STANDING IN THE SHADOW OF A DOORWAY, AND HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE CONJURER'S PLAYMATES!
AND THERE ARE THE TWO OTHERS, RUNNING! CAN'T WE CATCH THEM?
THEY'D HAVE REACHED THEIR CAR AND LOST THEMSELVES BEFORE WE HIT THE GROUND! BUT AT LEAST WE'VE FOUND OUT SOMETHING!
IF WE'D SWUNG ACROSS THE STREET, WHERE THEY HAD THOSE PROPS RIGGED UP, THEY'D HAVE RAIDED SOME BROKERAGE OFFICE IN THIS BUILDING AND GOT AWAY BEFORE WE CAUGHT ON! BUT WE DIDN'T FALL FOR IT!
AND BECAUSE WE DIDN'T, THEY BEAT IT WITHOUT PULLING THE JOB! GEE--DO YOU SUPPOSE THE CONJURER HAS BEEN FIGURING THESE THINGS OUT ALL BY HIMSELF?
SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
THEY WON'T DARE TRY ANYTHING ELSE TONIGHT--WHY DON'T WE PAY A VISIT TO OUR BIOGRAPHER?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!
A SCHOLORLY OLD MAN GETS THE THRILL OF HIS SEDATE LIFE!
THERE -- CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE IS FINISHED!... WH-WHAT-- CAN MY IMAGINATION BE PLAYING PRANKS ON ME?
WE'RE NOT IMAGINARY... WE HEARD YOU WERE INTERESTED IN OUR WORK, AND THOUGHT WE'D SAY HELLO!
YOU'RE REAL! I-I'M SO OVERCOME WITH EMOTION, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
8

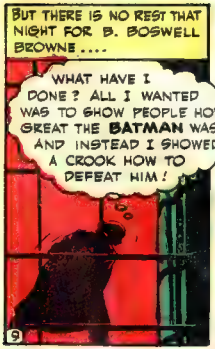
SIT DOWN, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! JUST THIS EVENING I WAS TELLING A NEWSPAPER REPORTER ABOUT YOUR COUNTLESS TRIUMPHS OVER CRIMINALS!
I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE'RE NOT ALWAYS TRIUMPHANT...

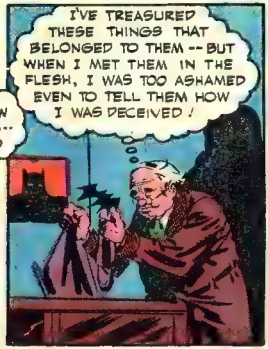

JUST TONIGHT, IN FACT, A LONG, SKINNY RAT FOOLED US WITH AN OLD TRICK - A NET OF CHICKEN-WIRE!
MAYBE YOU'LL REMEMBER THE PENGUIN USED THE SAME STUNT SOME TIME AGO! IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO WORK AGAIN!
EH? CHICKEN-WIRE? PENGUIN? ... A TALL, THIN CROOK? OH MY GOODNESS!

IS ANYTHING WRONG? ARE YOU ILL?
JUST A HEADACHE... TOO MUCH WORK, PERHAPS....


WE SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED SO LATE... WE'LL DROP AROUND AGAIN TOMORROW EVENING!
GOOD NIGHT, BATMAN AND ROBIN! I'M SO SORRY...PLEASE DO COME BACK....
TAKE IT EASY!


LATER, AS BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON GO TO BED...
BUT BRUCE, IF YOU THINK BROWNE GAVE THE CONJURER HIS IDEAS, WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN HIM?
THERE WASN'T ANY NEED FOR THAT... HE GUESSED IT - AND BEING HONEST, HE WAS BROKEN-HEARTED - AND I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO LET HIM KNOW WE BLAMED HIM FOR OUR FAILURE!


BUT THERE IS NO REST THAT NIGHT FOR B. BOSWELL BROWNE....
WHAT HAVE I DONE? ALL I WANTED WAS TO SHOW PEOPLE HOW GREAT THE BATMAN WAS-- AND INSTEAD I SHOWED A CROOK HOW TO DEFEAT HIM!

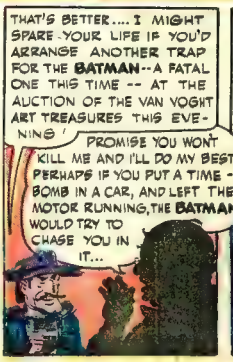

I'VE TREASURED THESE THINGS THAT BELONGED TO THEM -- BUT WHEN I MET THEM IN THE FLESH, I WAS TOO ASHAMED EVEN TO TELL THEM HOW I WAS DECEIVED!

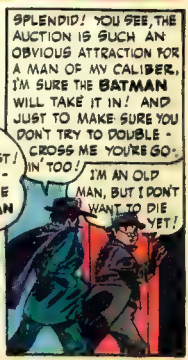
I'LL HAVE TO TELL THEM -- AND IT WILL BE THE HARDEST THING I'VE EVER DONE! THEY'LL THINK ME A DOTTERING OLD FOOL-- AND THEY'LL NEVER TRUST ME!

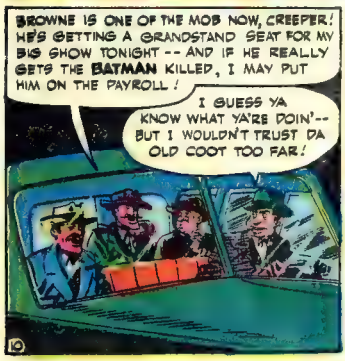
WHEN SLEEPLESS HOURS OF WORRY HAVE GIVEN AWAY TO DAYLIGHT...
AH, FEL OW-ADMIRER OF THE BATMAN -- HERE I AM FOR ANOTHER ENLIGHT-ENING TALK !
YOU....

I HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT! YOU USED MY INFORMATION TO DEFEAT THE BATMAN ! YOU'RE A CROOK-- AND I REFUSE TO HAVE ANYTHING MORE TO DO WITH YOU !
WELL, WELL-- IS THAT SO ?

SINCE YOU KNOW SO MUCH, AND FEEL THE WAY YOU DO, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT !
WHAT?.. YOU'D ACTUALLY MURDER ME?... OH, MY GRACIOUS ! PLEASE ! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY !

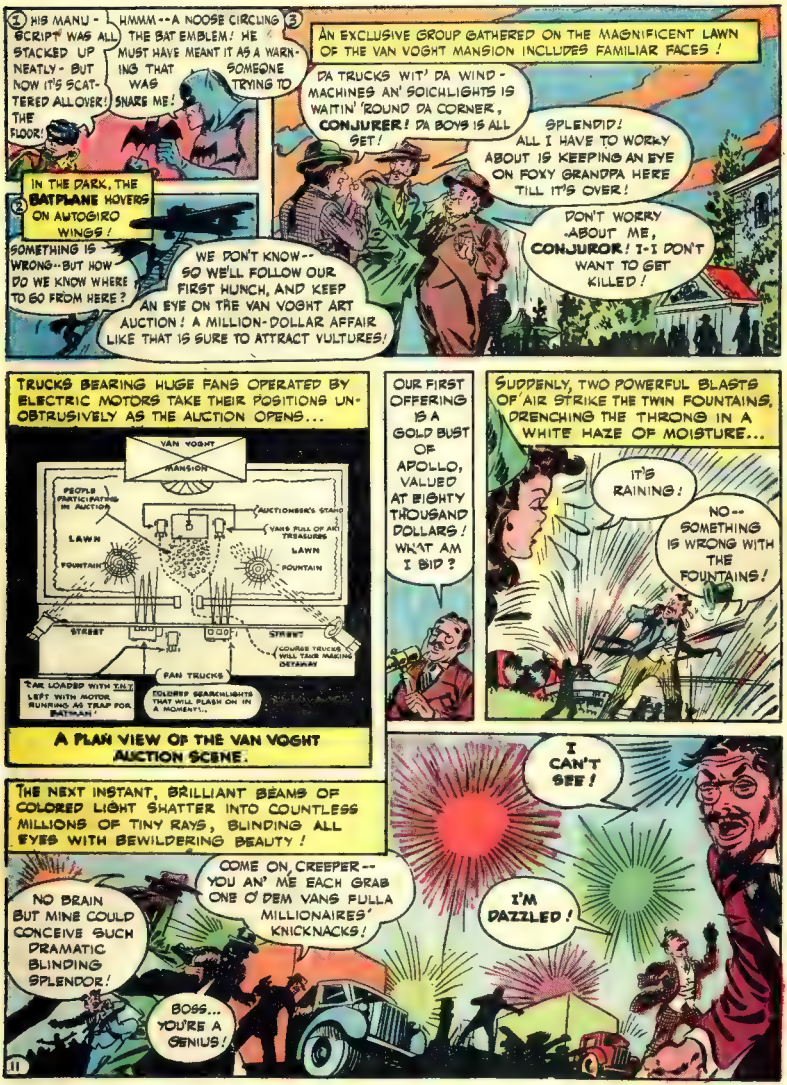

THAT'S BETTER.... I MIGHT SPARE YOUR LIFE IF YOU'D ARRANGE ANOTHER TRAP FOR THE BATMAN--A FATAL ONE THIS TIME -- AT THE AUCTION OF THE VAN VOGHT ART TREASURES THIS EVE-NING !
PROMISE YOU WON'T KILL ME AND I'LL DO MY BEST ! PERHAPS IF YOU PUT A TIME - BOMB IN A CAR, AND LEFT THE MOTOR RUNNING, THE BATMAN WOULD TRY TO CHASE YOU IN IT...


SPLENDID! YOU SEE, THE AUCTION IS SUCH AN OBVIOUS ATTRACTION FOR A MAN OF MY CALIBER, I'M SURE THE BATMAN WILL TAKE IT IN! AND JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T TRY TO DOUBLE - CROSS ME YOU'RE GO-IN' TOO!
I'M AN OLD MAN, BUT I DON'T WANT TO DIE YET!


BROWNE IS ONE OF THE MOB NOW, CREEPER! HE'S GETTING A GRANDSTAND SEAT FOR MY BIG SHOW TONIGHT -- AND IF HE REALLY GETS THE BATMAN KILLED, I MAY PUT HIM ON THE PAYROLL !
I GUESS YA KNOW WHAT YA'RE DOIN'-- BUT I WOULDN'T TRUST DA OLD COOT TOO FAR!

WHAT NOW? WILL THE TIMID OLD MAN ACTUALLY TURN ON THE HEROIC PAIR WHOSE DAZZLING DEEDS HAVE BEEN THE INSPIRATION OF HIS DECLINING YEARS? WILL HE USE HIS KNOWLEDGE, SO PAINSTAKINGLY GATHERED AS A LABOR OF LOVE, TO BETRAY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ?

THAT EVENING IN BROWNE'S GARRET ROOM...
WELL, HERE WE ARE BACK-- HUH ? BATMAN, HE'S GONE, AND THE PLACE IS ALL UPSET !
GONE? BUT HE KNEW WE WERE COMING....


1 HIS MANUSCRIPT WAS ALL STACKED UP NEATLY - BUT NOW IT'S SCATTERED ALL OVER THE FLOOR!
HMMM--A NOOSE CIRCLING THE BAT EMBLEM! HE MUST HAVE MEANT IT AS A WARNING THAT SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO SNARE ME!
2 IN THE DARK, THE BATPLANE HOVERS ON AUTOGIRO WINGS!
SOMETHING IS WRONG--BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WHERE TO GO FROM HERE?
WE DON'T KNOW--SO WE'LL FOLLOW OUR FIRST HUNCH, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE VAN VOGHT ART AUCTION! A MILLION-DOLLAR AFFAIR LIKE THAT IS SURE TO ATTRACT VULTURES!
3 AN EXCLUSIVE GROUP GATHERED ON THE MAGNIFICENT LAWN OF THE VAN VOGHT MANSION INCLUDES FAMILIAR FACES!
DA TRUCKS WIT' DA WIND-MACHINES AN' SOICHLIGHTS IS WAITIN' 'ROUND DA CORNER, CONJURER! DA BOYS IS ALL SET!
SPLENDID! ALL I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS KEEPING AN EYE ON FOXY GRANDPA HERE TILL IT'S OVER!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, CONJUROR! I-I DON'T WANT TO GET KILLED!
TRUCKS BEARING HUGE FANS OPERATED BY ELECTRIC MOTORS TAKE THEIR POSITIONS UNOBTRUSIVELY AS THE AUCTION OPENS...
VAN VOGHT MANSION
PEOPLE PARTICIPATING IN AUCTION
AUCTIONEER'S STAND
VANS FULL OF ART TREASURES
LAWN
FOUNTAIN
LAWN
FOUNTAIN
STREET
GATE
GATE
STREET
COURSE TRUCKS WILL TAKE MAKING DETAMAY
FAN TRUCKS
TAR LOADED WITH T.N.T. LEFT WITH MOTOR RUNNING AS TRAP FOR BATMAN!
COLORED SEARCHLIGHTS THAT WILL FLASH ON IN A MOMENT...
A PLAN VIEW OF THE VAN VOGHT AUCTION SCENE.
OUR FIRST OFFERING IS A GOLD BUST OF APOLLO, VALUED AT EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHAT AM I BID?
SUDDENLY, TWO POWERFUL BLASTS OF AIR STRIKE THE TWIN FOUNTAINS, DRENCHING THE THRONG IN A WHITE HAZE OF MOISTURE...
IT'S RAINING!
NO--SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE FOUNTAINS!
THE NEXT INSTANT, BRILLIANT BEAMS OF COLORED LIGHT SHATTER INTO COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF TINY RAYS, BLINDING ALL EYES WITH BEWILDERING BEAUTY!
I CAN'T SEE!
I'M DAZZLED!
COME ON, CREEPER--YOU AN' ME EACH GRAB ONE O' DEM VANS FULLA MILLIONAIRES' KNICKNACKS!
NO BRAIN BUT MINE COULD CONCEIVE SUCH DRAMATIC BLINDING SPLENDOR!
BOSS... YOU'RE A GENIUS!

INVISIBLE ABOVE THE EXTRAVAGANZA OF TREACHEROUS BRILLIANCE, THE DYNAMIC DUO GOES INTO ACTION...
IT'S STARTED-- AND ONLY THE CONJURER WOULD PUT ON A SHOW LIKE THIS!
BUT WE'LL STEAL HIS BIG SCENE, EH?
HOP IN, YOU TWO!
COME ON- WE'RE LEAVING ON THE VAN! THAT SEDAN IS FILLED WITH DYNAMITE READY TO BLOW UP THE BATMAN WHEN HE CHASES US--REMEMBER?
I OUGHT TO REMEMBER.... IT WAS MY IDEA!
HAVE YOUR OWN WAY! BLOW YOURSELF UP INSTEAD OF THE BATMAN IF YOU WANT TO-- AND WE'LL GET HIM LATER WITHOUT YOUR HELP!
YOU'RE A FOOL TO THINK SO-- JUST AS YOU WERE A FOOL TO THINK YOUR THREATS COULD FRIGHTEN ME!
BUT THE SCHOLARLY BROWNE HAS MORE IN MIND THAN MERELY BLOWING HIMSELF UP....
GET OFF THE STREET-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO COLLIDE WITH A HUNDRED POUNDS OF HIGH-EXPLOSIVE!
HOLY MACKEREL-- HE MEANS IT!
THAT CAR- IT WAS PLACED WHERE IT WOULD BE CONVENIENT FOR US TO USE IT TO CHASE THEM- BUT NOW THAT BROWNE HAS IT, THE CROOKS ARE AFRAID OF IT!
THE DYNAMITE LADEN CAR FORCES THE TWO VANS FILLED WITH ART TREASURES OFF THE ROAD....
BROWNE ISN'T WAITING-- BUT THE CONJURER AND HIS BOYS ARE!
HERE'S WHERE I MAKE YOU DISAPPEAR, CONJURER--INTO STATE PRISON!
MAYBE A DOSE OF TOMMY-GUN SLUGS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND, BATMAN - IF I CAN GET THIS MECHANISM WORKING!
AFTER THIS THEY OUGHT TO CHANGE YOUR NAME FROM CREEPER TO FLIER!
RELAX, TRIGGER... YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY!
12

I'LL BLAST YOU LIKE THE TIME-BOMB IN THAT CAR WILL BLAST BROWNE-- OW! I MEAN-- I GIVE UP!
YOU'LL BLAST US LIKE-- WHAT?
WE PUT A BOMB IN THAT CAR ON BROWNE'S ADVICE, AND LEFT THE MOTOR RUNNING, SO YOU'D GRAB IT AND CHASE US! IT WAS SET TO GO OFF IN TEN MINUTES!
THEN THE CAR WAS A TRAP! TEN MINUTES!... LET'S GO, ROBIN!
WE'LL NEED THE BATPLANE!
MEANWHILE, A TIMID LITTLE MAN WHO DREAMED HEROIC DREAMS, IS WILLING TO MAKE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE!
THE LIFE OF AN OLD CODGER LIKE ME DOESN'T MATTER -- BUT IF THE CAR BLEW UP HERE, SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT GET KILLED! I'VE GOT TO GET OUTSIDE THE CITY AND TAKE A CHANCE ON SAVING MYSELF!
NOW I'LL SLOW DOWN AND GET OUT, IF THERE'S TIME - AND IF THERE ISN'T, I ONLY HOPE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TAKE CARE OF MY COLLECTION AND SEE THAT SOME ABLE MAN FINISHES MY BOOK!
JUMP! YOU'VE GOT LESS THAN A SECOND!
WHAT! BATMAN!
I SUSPECTED THE CAR OF BEING A TRAP, EVEN BEFORE THE CONJURER TOLD ME! AND I KNOW THE REST OF THE STORY, TOO!
HE FOOLED ME AT FIRST -- AND THEN HE KIDNAPPED ME! I TRIED TO LEAVE A SYMBOLIC WARNING FOR YOU IN MY ROOM -- AND I INTENDED ALL ALONG TO MAKE SURE THE BOMB KILLED NO ONE, UNLESS IT WAS ME!
THERE GOES THE CONJURER'S LAST TRICK!
AND LIKE ALL OF THEM, IT'S NOT DOING HIM A BIT OF GOOD!
BOOM
13
DAYS LATER...
YOU REALLY THINK I'VE WRITTEN A GOOD BOOK? YOU'RE NOT SAYING SO JUST TO PLEASE ME?
IT'S THRILLING EVEN TO ME -- AND I ACTUALLY EXPERIENCED THE ADVENTURES IT TELLS ABOUT!... AND NOW I WANT TO READ YOU THE PREFACE I PROMISED TO WRITE FOR IT!
...AND SO YOU SEE, AMERICA'S HIGHEST IDEALS -- HONESTY, LOYALTY, COURAGE -- WERE NOT INVENTED BY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AT ALL, BUT WERE BORROWED FROM SUCH FINE AMERICANS AS THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME -- B. BOSWELL BROWNE!
CLAP
CLAP
I'M SO HAPPY I COULD CRY!
THE END

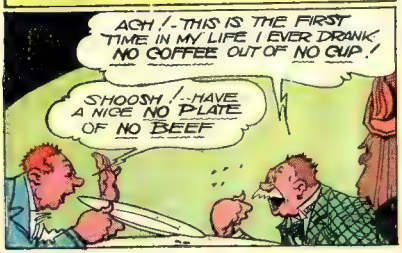
# PROF. PIPP

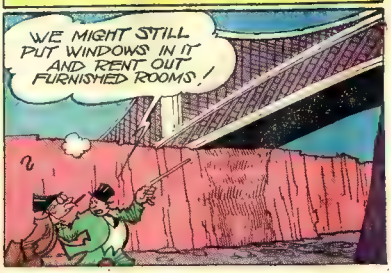
ASTROLOGER PAR EXCELLENT — HE TELLS YOU UNCANNY FACTS ABOUT THE FUTURE WITH UNERRING CONFUSION AND UTTER LACK OF COMMON SENSE — MEET THE PROFESSOR

GOOD EVENING, FOLKS,--IN TO-NIGHT'S LESSON I INTEND TO DISCUSS SOME VERY REMARKABLE EVENTS THAT ARE SCHEDULED TO HAPPEN SHORTLY DUE WHOLLY TO A RECENT CURDLING OF THE ENTIRE MILKY WAY, CAUSED BY TAURUS MERGING WITH GEMINI AND LIBRA,-- LET'S GO !!

MY FIRST PREDICTION IS THAT THE AXIS COUNTRIES WILL SOON RUN OUT OF THEIR IMITATION ERSATZ COFFEE AND WILL BE FORCED TO DRINK A NEW IMITATION - ERSATZ-ERSATZ - ERSATZ COFFEE —

A $12,000,000 BRIDGE WILL BE ERECTED ACROSS A RIVER IN OHIO AND 48 HOURS AFTER ITS COMPLETION THE RIVER WILL CHANGE ITS COURSE,--SWINGING TEN MILES N, BY N, E, OF THE BRIDGE —



A SUBMARINE FROM ONE OF THE GREAT LAKES TRAINING BASES WILL COME UP IN A BUFFALO CELLAR NIGHT CLUB DUE TO A BROKEN WATER MAIN -- A GOOD TIME WILL BE HAD BY ALL —•

LAFAYETTE WE ARE HERE BUT WHERE ARE YOU ?

A NEW KIND OF FLOOR SHOW I GUESS -AND IT'S A WOW !!

BRAVO!

BE QUIET.

A YOUNG FLORIDA INVENTOR WILL PERFECT A METHOD OF BOTTLING SUNSHINE THAT WILL MAKE UMBRELLAS TOTALLY UNNECESSARY —•

A NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL FOR MEN'S SUITS WILL BE DISCOVERED MADE ENTIRELY OUT OF OLD NEWSPAPERS! —•

OPEN YOUR COAT, CHUM, THIS STORY IS CONTINUED ON YOUR VEST —!

TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION A 48 HOUR DAY WILL BE DEVISED BY MERELY WELDING TWO CLOCKS TOGETHER —•

400 WAACS WILL BECOME WAVES, 400 WAVES WILL BECOME SPARS, — AND 400 MARINES WILL BECOME BEFUDDLED —•

GO HOME AND SLEEP ALL THURSSDAY AFTERNOON - BUT GET BACK HERE EARLY FRIDAY MORNING, - A HALF AN HOUR FROM NOW - !!

NOW I DON'T KNOW WHETHER MARGIE IS IN DULUTH, - SEATTLE, - SHANGHAI OR NEW ORLEANS!

THE MANUFACTURE OF BATHING SUITS (BEING A LUXURY) WILL BE STOPPED FOR THE DURATION AND MOONLIGHT BATHING WILL BE SUBSTITUTED - MOONLIGHT BATHING THEN BEING RESTRICTED THE SATURDAY NIGHT WASHTUB WILL BE SUBSTITUTED —•

BAW !!

IN MY NEXT BROADCAST I INTEND TO TAKE THE ENTIRE ZODIAC APART AND TELL YOU JUST WHAT MAKES EACH OF THE TWELVE MONTHS CLICK !.

S'LONG NOW -- I'LL BE SEEIN' YA .!!

Leading COMICS
SPRING ISSUE No. 7
GREEN LANTERN
Wonder Woman
All-Flash
BE SURE TO GET THESE TOP FAVORITES FOR THE BEST IN COMICS!
MUTT & JEFF
PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE
BOY COMMANDOS
No.2
ALL STAR Comics
THE BRAIN WAVE GOES BERSERK
NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC

# BATMAN WITH ROBIN

BOB KANE

THE HISS-S-S-S OF A SINISTER FISHERMAN'S REEL, THE CRASH OF A BIG GAME RIFLE, AND THE BAYING OF HUNTING HOUNDS, ECHO OVER THE ROAR OF TRAFFIC IN GOTHAM CITY'S CROWDED CANYONS AS THE UNPREDICTABLE **PENGUIN** SPRINGS THE MOST FANTASTIC SURPRISE OF HIS COLORFUL CAREER OF CRIME!

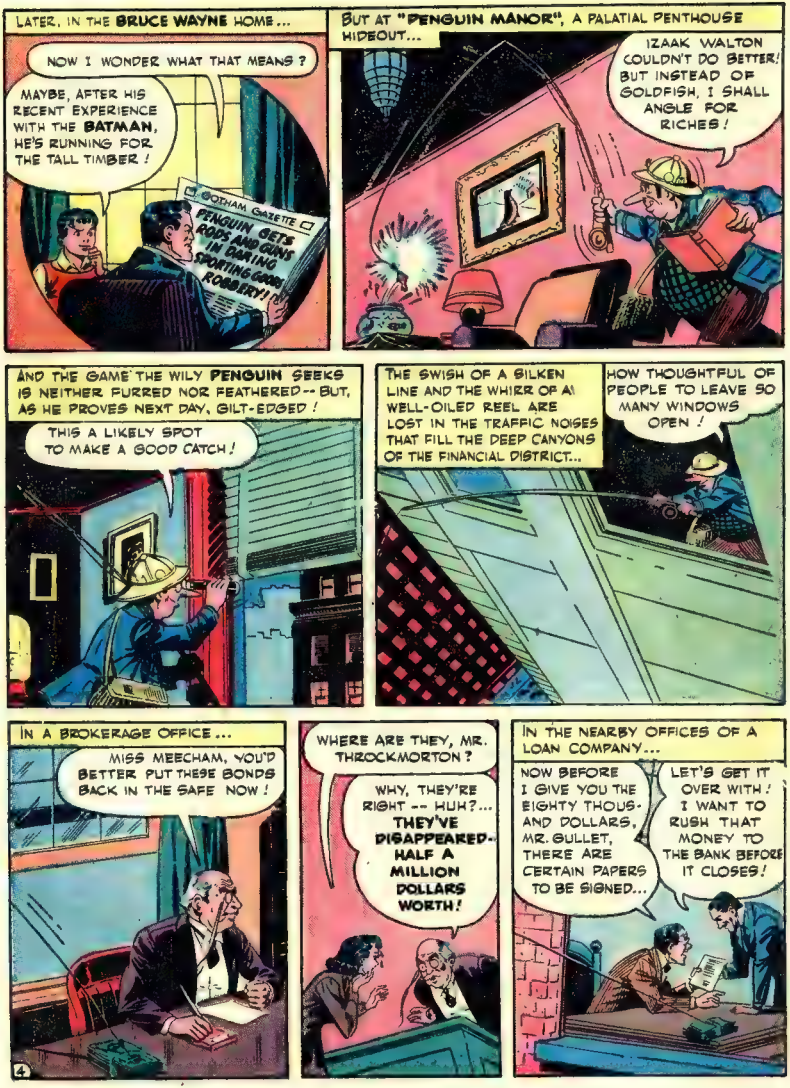
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO SKILL IN THE CHASE, NONE CAN SURPASS THE BATTLING **BATMAN** AND THE RECKLESS **ROBIN**--AND HERE, IN ONE OF THE MADDEST TALES EVER TO FIND ITS WAY INTO THESE PAGES, THEY COME TO GRIPS WITH A POWERFUL AND DEADLY FOE AS---

## "THE PENGUIN GOES A-HUNTING"

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

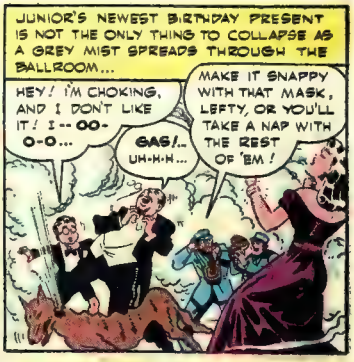
THE PENGUIN, GROTESQUE BIRD OF ILL OMEN, ATTENDS A LECTURE ON A SUBJECT DEAR TO HIS VAINGLORIOUS HEART ...
WARDEN KEYES LECTURES ON TODAY'S GREATEST CRIMINALS AND THEIR FOES.
AH -- IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO HEAR MYSELF SPOKEN OF IN ACCENTS OF AWE BY THE WARDEN WHO WAS SO RECENTLY MY HOST !
A SUBJECT, IT HAPPENS, THAT IS ALSO OF INTEREST TO BRUCE WAYNE WEALTHY MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON ...
WARDEN KEYES HAS THE WORST OF THEM UNDER OBSERVATION, EH, BRUCE ?
YES, BUT SOME DIDN'T STAY LONG... IT'S BEEN OVER A MONTH SINCE THE PENGUIN FLEW THE COOP! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK !
EXIT
AMONG THE CRIME-SMASHERS, OF COURSE, THE BATMAN STANDS SUPREME, WITH ROBIN SHARING HIS GLORY...
I WAS WONDERING IF HE'D DRAG ME INTO THIS !
AMONG THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOKS, THE JOKER, THE CAT-WOMAN AND THE SCARECROW TOP THE INFAMOUS LIST!...
WHAT ? NO MENTION OF ME ?
UNABLE TO ENDURE SUCH NEGLECT, THE PLUMP LITTLE ROGUE SHOUTS A QUESTION ...
WHAT ABOUT THE PENGUIN ?
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED, WHOEVER YOU ARE... THE PENGUIN IS AS MEAN AND LOWDOWN AS ANY OF THEM, BUT NOT AS INGENIUS AND INVENTIVE!
2
THE PENGUIN HAS A ONE-TRACK MIND ! WITHOUT HIS TRICK UMBRELLAS, HE'D BE JUST ANOTHER THIRD-RATE CHISELER WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR !
LOOK ! THE FELLOW WHO ASKED THAT QUESTION -- HE'S THE PENGUIN HIMSELF !
QUICK, DICK -- WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A LIGHTNING CHANGE IN THE CLOAKROOM !
OTHER EYES HAVE ALSO SEEN AND RECOGNIZED THE PENGUIN ...
THE NERVE OF HIM, CALLING ATTENTION TO HIMSELF WHEN HE KNOWS HIS FACE IS FAMILIAR TO EVERY COP!
I SHOULD HAVE KEPT STILL.. THAT COP HAS SPOTTED ME..

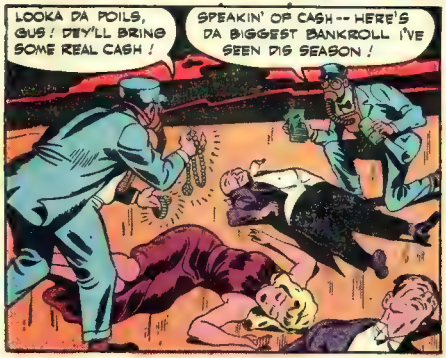
HALT! I'VE GOT YOU CORNERED!
THE WARDEN MAY NOT THINK MUCH OF MY UMBRELLAS -- BUT I'M GLAD I'M NOT WITHOUT ONE TODAY!
SUDDENLY TWO AWE-INSPIRING FIGURES DART FROM THE CLOAKROOM -- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
I'VE DONE IT BEFORE, MY FINE FEATHERED FRIEND -- AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN!
I'M NOT SO INGENIOUS, EH? THEN WHY CAN'T THE BATMAN CATCH ME?
WELL, WELL-- THIS TOWN IS OVERCROWDED WITH POLICE OFFICERS!
THAT UMBRELLA WOULD BE A DEAD GIVEAWAY EVEN IF I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOUR FACE, PENGUIN! YOU CAN BLAME IT FOR GETTING YOU CAUGHT!
BUT THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLAS HAVE MANY AND STRANGE USES -- OF WHICH THIS ONE IS ONE OF THE SIMPLEST...
YOU MEAN, I CAN THANK IT FOR NOT GETTING CAUGHT!
OW! MY HAND!
IT'S UP TO US, ROBIN!
DOWN PLUMMETS THE CRIME-BATTLING DUO BUT FATE IS ON THE SIDE OF EVIL TODAY!
CAREFUL, BATMAN! YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF, --I HOPE!
AND NOT ANOTHER CAR OR TAXI IN SIGHT!
OOPS!.... I'LL CLIP YOUR WINGS YET, PENGUIN!
SO ONE MORE SPECTACULAR ESCAPE IS ADDED TO THE PENGUIN'S LONG RECORD OF CROOKED ACHIEVEMENTS -- BUT STRANGELY, HE IS NOT HAPPY ABOUT IT...
MY UMBRELLAS ARE AS USEFUL AS EVER BUT PEOPLE ARE BEGINNNG TO LAUGH AT THEM-- I CAN'T STAND BEING LAUGHED AT!
IN ORDER TO WIN BACK MY REPUTATION, I'LL HAVE TO STARTLE MY PUBLIC WITH NEW WEAPONS, A NEW TECHNIQUE!...HMM-- PERHAPS I NEED LOOK NO FARTHER...
SPORTING GOODS
3

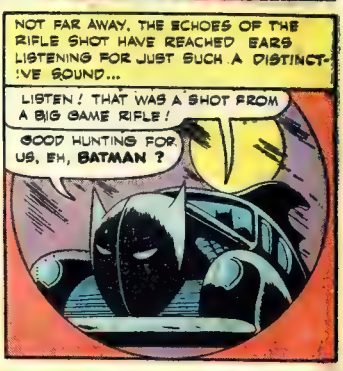

LATER, IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...
NOW I WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?
MAYBE, AFTER HIS RECENT EXPERIENCE WITH THE BATMAN, HE'S RUNNING FOR THE TALL TIMBER!
GOTHAM GAZETTE
PENGUIN GETS RODS AND GUNS IN DARING SPORTING GOODS ROBBERY!
BUT AT "PENGUIN MANOR", A PALATIAL PENTHOUSE HIDEOUT...
IZAAK WALTON COULDN'T DO BETTER! BUT INSTEAD OF GOLDFISH, I SHALL ANGLE FOR RICHES!
AND THE GAME THE WILY PENGUIN SEEKS IS NEITHER FURRED NOR FEATHERED -- BUT, AS HE PROVES NEXT DAY, GILT-EDGED!
THIS A LIKELY SPOT TO MAKE A GOOD CATCH!
THE SWISH OF A SILKEN LINE AND THE WHIRR OF A WELL-OILED REEL ARE LOST IN THE TRAFFIC NOISES THAT FILL THE DEEP CANYONS OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...
HOW THOUGHTFUL OF PEOPLE TO LEAVE SO MANY WINDOWS OPEN!
IN A BROKERAGE OFFICE...
MISS MEECHAM, YOU'D BETTER PUT THESE BONDS BACK IN THE SAFE NOW!
WHERE ARE THEY, MR. THROCKMORTON?
WHY, THEY'RE RIGHT -- HUH?... THEY'VE DISAPPEARED-HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!
IN THE NEARBY OFFICES OF A LOAN COMPANY...
NOW BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, MR. GULLET, THERE ARE CERTAIN PAPERS TO BE SIGNED...
LET'S GET IT OVER WITH! I WANT TO RUSH THAT MONEY TO THE BANK BEFORE IT CLOSES!
4

AND AT THE END OF AN HOUR'S EXCELLENT FISHING...
GOOD FISHING, BUT TAME! I'LL HAVE TO SEE IF I CAN'T FIGURE OUT A MORE EXCITING SPORT USING MY NEW GUNS!
PRESENTLY, AS BRUCE WAYNE LEAVES A DIRECTOR'S MEETING AT ONE OF THE DOWNTOWN BANKS...
THAT FISHERMAN'S WALK SEEMS FAMILIAR... OH, WELL-- HE'S PROBABLY SOME BROKER I'VE MET SOMEWHERE, JUST GETTING STARTED ON HIS VACATION...
TRUST COMPANY
BUT THAT EVENING...
... A CLUE TO TODAY'S MYSTERIOUS CASH AND BOND THEFTS WAS PROVIDED BY A STENOGRAPHER WHO THOUGHT SHE SAW A FISHERMAN'S FLY AND HOOK FLASH PAST HER FACE JUST BEFORE A PACKAGE OF VALUABLE CERTIFICATES VANISHED FROM HER DESK!
THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! NO WONDER I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THAT FISHERMAN!
MIDNIGHT AND A RAKISH CAR BEGINS A GRIM PATROL OF SHADOWED STREETS -- THE BATMOBILE!
SO YOU THINK THE PENGUIN HAS TURNED SPORTSMAN-- EXCEPT THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW THE REAL MEANING OF "SPORTSMANSHIP?"
YES, ROBIN... AFTER THE WAY WARDEN KEYES RIDICULED HIS UMBRELLAS, A PERSON AS VAIN AS THE PENGUIN WOULD LOOK FOR SOMETHING NEW-- AND HE'S JUST LAID IN A LARGE STOCK OF RODS AND GUNS!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MEN DELIVER A BULKY PARCEL TO THE PRETENTIOUS MANSION OF TYRUS WOLFF, WHO IS HOLDING A GLITTERING BALL IN HONOR OF HIS YOUNG SON'S BIRTHDAY...
A BOITHDAY PRESENT FOR WOLFF'S KID!
BRING IT INTO THE BALLROOM. THE YOUNG MAWSTER IS OPENING THE PRESENTS NOW!
A BADLY SPOILED YOUNGSTER VIEWS THE GIFTS OF FRIENDS -- AND OTHERS...
SEE, JUNIOR-- IT'S MADE OF RUBBER! YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU WHEN WE GO TO OUR BEACH HOUSE!
I DON'T WANT IT! I WANT AN AIRPLANE AND A REAL LOCOMOTIVE AND A STEAM YACHT-- NOT ALL THIS JUNK!
OUTSIDE, THE FOLIAGE OF A TREE RUSTLES AS A STEALTHY HUNTSMAN TAKES AIM....
IT APPEARS THE YOUNG MAN DOES NOT CARE FOR MY GIFT! .. I'M SURE I'LL LIKE THE ONES I AM ABOUT TO RECEIVE!

THE ROAR OF A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE ECHOES, AND...
WHATEVER IT WAS, IT'S RUINED THAT HORRID TOY-- AND I'M GLAD !
WHAT WAS THAT ?
BANG!


JUNIOR'S NEWEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT IS NOT THE ONLY THING TO COLLAPSE AS A GREY MIST SPREADS THROUGH THE BALLROOM...
HEY ! I'M CHOKING, AND I DON'T LIKE IT ! I-- OO-O-O...
GAS !.. UH-H-H...
MAKE IT SNAPPY WITH THAT MASK, LEFTY, OR YOU'LL TAKE A NAP WITH THE REST OF 'EM !


LOOKA DA POILS, GUS ! DEY'LL BRING SOME REAL CASH !
SPEAKIN' OF CASH -- HERE'S DA BIGGEST BANKROLL I'VE SEEN DIS SEASON !


NOT FAR AWAY, THE ECHOES OF THE RIFLE SHOT HAVE REACHED EARS LISTENING FOR JUST SUCH A DISTINCT-IVE SOUND...
LISTEN ! THAT WAS A SHOT FROM A BIG GAME RIFLE !
GOOD HUNTING FOR US, EH, BATMAN ?

THAT SHOT WAS FIRED RIGHT AROUND HERE, ROBIN !
AND THOSE, FELLOWS ARE MAKING A HIGH-SPEED GETAWAY !

THE NEXT INSTANT...
SLOW DOWN SO WE CAN LOOK YOU OVER !
DA BATMAN !
AN' ROBIN !

THIS IS FOR YOU -- AND IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE THE PENGUIN'S ROOSTING THESE DAYS, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR HIM, TOO !
AHH-H-H...

I'M ROOSTING RIGHT UP HERE, BATMAN!
PENGUIN-- YOU FAT JAILBIRD!
A-A-A...
IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE IT'S FRESH KIDS!
O-O-O...
NEATLY DONE, LEFTY! WE COULD KILL THEM HERE--BUT THEN THEY'D NEVER KNOW HOW CLEVERLY I HAVE PLANNED MY SPORTING CAREER!
SO IT IS THAT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AWAKE HOURS LATER, TO FIND --
BATMAN! AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO ?
UH... WH-WHERE AM I?
LOOK ABOUT YOU AND IT WILL BE OBVIOUS THAT YOU ARE A GUEST IN THE HOME OF THAT EMINENT SPORTSMAN, THE PENGUIN!
I AM JUST LEAVING FOR THE OPENING OF THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW, WHERE THERE IS A SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF FAMOUS SPORTING TROPHIES, ALL HIGHLY VALUABLE! IF YOU SIT STILL, YOU MAY LIVE TO SEE ME BRING THEM BACK...
.. BUT IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, OR MOVE WITHIN REACH OF MY PETS, THEY'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB! I'VE STARVED THEM AND MADE THEM VICIOUS FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION AS THIS!
WHEW! THEY AREN'T VERY FRIENDLY!
ALONE WITH THE FEROCIOUS DOGS, OUR IMPRISONED HEROES TAKE STOCK OF THE SITUATION...
THEY'D GOBBLE US ALIVE IF WE WERE SIX INCHES NEARER! AND TO THINK THEY CALL THE DOG MAN'S BEST FRIEND!
GIVEN HALF A CHANCE ANY DOG IS A GENTLEMAN-- BUT THESE POOR FELLOWS HAVE BEEN DELIBERATELY BEATEN AND STARVED!
17

AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY MAY STILL RECOGNIZE US AS FRIENDS IF WE MAKE OURSELVES CLEAR TO THEM... AT LEAST, I CAN TRY... NICE DOGGY!
I'D JUST AS SOON MAKE FRIENDS WITH A BUZZ-SAW!
IT IS TRUE THAT DOGS OFTEN DISPLAY SOMETHING VERY LIKE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING -- AND AS THE BATMAN'S PERSUASIVE VOICE GOES ON GENTLY...
YOU DON'T LIKE THE PENGUIN ANY BETTER THAN WE DO, EH? MAYBE WE CAN GET TOGETHER ON THIS...
ABRUPTLY, THE CRIME-SMASHER THROWS HIS WEIGHT BACK AGAINST HIS CHAIR, AND --
HEY--- WHAT'S THE IDEA?
THESE DOGS ARE HUNGRY BUT A LITTLE LESS FEROCIOUS! I'M GOING TO TRY TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO CHEW ON BESIDES US!
THEY'RE QUIETER! DARNED IF I DON'T BELIEVE THEY KNOW A REAL MAN WHEN THEY SEE HIM, AFTER ALL!
STRAINING AGAINST THE ROPES, HIS HANDS GRASP ONE OF THE FALLEN CANDLES...:
I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BUT IT'S TOO DEEP FOR ME!
THESE CANDLES ARE MADE OF TALLOW, WHICH IS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN SUET... AND SUET, EVEN WHEN FLAVORED WITH MANILLA ROPE, IS BOUND TO TASTE GOOD TO A STARVING DOG!
SEE WHAT I MEAN? HERE'S HOPING THEY'RE NOT TOO UNFRIENDLY TOWARD ME NOW!
I GET IT! YOU'VE RUBBED THE TALLOW ON THE ROPES AT YOUR WRISTS, AND NOW THE DOGS ARE CHEWING THE ROPES IN HALF!
MEANWHILE, A HUGE VAN STOPS AT THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT ARENA WHERE THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW IS IN PROGRESS...
THEY'RE PART OF THE FOX AND HOUNDS EXHIBIT!
I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT... GO ON IN!
FRI. SAT.
SPORT SHO
HUNTING FIGHING
EXHIBITION OF TROPHIE
HORSE
MAIN ENTRANCE
YOU'RE SURE THESE HORSES ARE EXPERIENCED JUMPERS, TURK?
THEY OUGHTTA BE... I SWIPED 'EM FROM THE ELITE HORN AND HUNT CLUB STABLES!

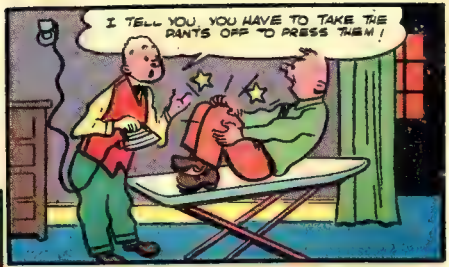
WITHIN THE ARENA...
HERE WE GO, MEN -- THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE UNDERWORLD!
YOICKS! WHEEE!
THUNDERING HOOFS STARTLE EXHIBITORS AND SPECTATORS ALIKE, AS A STRANGE CROSS-COUNTRY HUNT SWEEPS THROUGH THE CROWDED HALL!
STOP! YOU CAN'T RIDE THOSE HORSES UP HERE!
HOW WRONG YOU ARE, MY FRIEND!
DO I HAVE TO DEMONSTRATE MY MARKSMANSHIP ON YOU TO PROVE MY RIGHT TO THOSE TROPHIES?
N-NO!... GO RIGHT AHEAD AND HELP Y-YOURSELVES!
FAMOUS SPORTING TROPHIES of HISTORY
T'ANKS FOR DA INVITATION!
GREEDY HANDS STUFF JEWELED CUPS AND STATUES OF EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP INTO STOUT SACKS...
DON'T BOTHER WITH THE PLAIN GOLD AND SILVER ONES.. AND DON'T MISS ANY DIAMONDS EMERALDS OR RUBIES!
HOW ABOUT DA SPOILS ON DIS ONE, WHAT USED TA B'LONG TA SOME LOUIE DA THOITEENTH?
SUDDENLY...
Y-I-I-I LOOK!
IT'S THEM!
THOSE DOGS -- THEY'LL TEAR US TO P.ECES!
GO GET 'EM!
THOSE CROOKS DON'T REALIZE I'VE ALREADY FED THE DOGS!
WHAT A TIME FOR A HORSE TO GO TEMPERAMENTAL!

THOSE MUTTS AIN'T GONNA GET ME!
CAMPING EXHIBIT LIVE RACCOON IN TREE
HELP! MAKE HIM QUIT!
PRISON OUGHT TO LOOK GOOD WHEN YOU GET OUT OF THAT MESS!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YA DID IT-- BUT DIS TIME T'S FER KEEPS!
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE, EH?
OUCH! HE'S PUT ME IN DA HOT SEAT!
I'LL FIX HIM!
BANG
AHH-HH-H!
WHEN A CANOE PADDLES A MAN-- THAT'S NEWS!
YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!
HIS TRAINED HUNTING STEED CLEARING OBSTRUCTIONS WITH GRACEFUL LEAPS, THE PENGUIN BEATS A HASTY RETREAT...
WANT TO BET?
THE POLICE WILL TAKE CARE OF THESE LITTLE BIRDS WHILE I GO AFTER THE BIG ONE- THE PENGUIN!
AND AN INSTANT LATER, EAGER HOUNDS AND SKILLED HORSEMEN ARE IN HEADLONG PURSUIT OF THE QUARRY!
I'VE SEEN HUNTERS RIDING TO HOUNDS MANY TIMES -- BUT NEVER AFTER A PENGUIN!
THIS TIME THE HUNTERS HAD BETTER KEEP UP WITH THE HOUNDS, OR THEY'RE LIABLE TO TEAR THE GAME TO PIECES!
10

TRAFFIC IS SNARLED AS THRONGS THRILL TO THE SPECTACULAR CHASE...
HE COUNTED ON JAMMING THE STREETS SO POLICE CARS COULDN'T GO AFTER HIM -- BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON BEING FOLLOWED BY HORSES AS GOOD AS HIS!
IT'S THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! THEY'RE AFTER THE PENGUIN!
HALF A BLOCK AHEAD, A POLICE PROWLER SWERVES TO CLOSE THE STREET...
IT'S THE PENGUIN! CATCHING HIM WILL BE A FEATHER IN OUR CAPS!
HALT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
FOOLS! DO THEY THINK I DON'T REALIZE THEY CAN'T SHOOT IN THESE CROWDS!
TELL THE COMMISSIONER HE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AWHILE FOR THE PLEASURE OF MY COMPANY!
WHA--?
HUH? ... WHERE'D THEY COME FROM!
FRIGHTENED BY THE HARRYING HOUNDS, THE PENGUIN'S HORSE SWERVES INTO AN OPEN AIR RESTAURANT, DESERTED IN THE MID-MORNING LULL...
TAG ALONG, OFFICERS! WE'LL HAVE THEM FOR YOU IN A MINUTE!
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOING TO ASK FOR A TRANSFER TO THE MOUNTED DIVISION TOMORROW!
I'VE SERVED RICH WOMEN'S PEKINESE PUPS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST HORSE THAT EVER CAME HERE!
WHOA!

CORNERED, THE DESPERATE PENGUIN MAKES A LAST STAND...
I'LL EMPTY THIS PISTOL INTO THE CROWD UNLESS YOU DISMOUNT AND CHASE YOUR HORSES AWAY. TIE UP THOSE DOGS, AND GIVE ME A FRESH START!
WE CAN'T SEE INNOCENT PEOPLE SHOT, ROBIN... WE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN!
WHAT! AND LET HIM GET AWAY?
BUT AS THE BATMAN DESCENDS FROM HIS HORSE, HIS HAND SEIZES THE VELVET ROPE ENCLOSING THE TABLES...
IF WE WERE THE ONLY ONES IN RANGE, I'D SAY, LET HIM SHOOT!.
ALL AT ONCE, THE ASTOUNDING SPECTACLE OF HUGE, VARICOLORED UMBRELLAS SPINNING, LEAPING AND DANCING STARTLES THE ALREADY UNNERVED HORSE INTO A FRENZY!
NO, YOU STUPID BRUTE! GET STARTED BACK THE WAY WE CAME!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ------ BLUB!
THIS COOKS HIS GOOSE!
NOW IF WE WERE A DUCK, HE WOULDN'T MIND SO MUCH!.
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET YOU SOME NICE DRY CLOTHES -- WITH HORIZONTAL STRIPES!
YOU BLASTED MEDDLERS! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU --
TSK TSK! SUCH UNSPORTSMANLIKE LANGUAGE!
12
NEXT DAY, WARDEN KEYES GREETS AN OLD LODGER AT THE STATE PRISON...
SO YOU'RE ONLY A BIRD IN AN UNGILDED CAGE AGAIN, PENGUIN!
AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU TALKED ME INTO GIVING UP MY UMBRELLAS FOR UNFAMILIAR WEAPONS, AND THE BATMAN FINALLY CAUGHT ME-- WITH UMBRELLAS!
WHILE AT THE WAYNE HOME...
IS IT TRUE THAT YOU GOT THE WARDEN TO MAKE FUN OF THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLAS, HOPING TO GOAD HIM INTO OVERREACHING HIMSELF?
RIGHT, DICK! YOU SEE HIS TENDEREST SPOT IS HIS VANITY! HE REFUSES TO BELIEVE THAT HE'S TOO OLD A BIRD TO LEARN NEW TRICKS!
THE END.

# LAFFS



# MODEL PLANES

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BAT MAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
IN A HISTORIC AMERICAN CITY, MEN PLAN A CELEBRATION TO COMMEMORATE THE COURAGEOUS DEEDS OF THEIR PIONEER FOREFATHERS --WHILE IN THE MURKY SHADOWS OF THE UNDERWORLD, A CUNNING CRIME CZAR PLOTS A FANTASTIC FIESTA OF FELONY!
BUT WITH A BOLDNESS AND DARING WORTHY TO RANK WITH THE STIRRING EPICS OF THE PAST, THE MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN SWING INTO PERILOUS ACTION TO REVISE AN UNSCHEDULED EVENT IN THE CELEBRATION WHICH HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A ...
"ROGUES' PAGEANT!"
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A MOST REMARKABLE MAN IS ALFRED, WHO ALONE OF ALL LIVING PERSONS SHARES THE DANGEROUS SECRET OF THE DUAL IDENTITY OF **BRUCE WAYNE** AND **DICK GRAYSON** - THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

IN FACT, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A STRANGER MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE DECIDING WHICH IS SERVANT AND WHICH MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD!

AND FURTHERMORE, MR WAYNE -- BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, AND ALL THAT ROT -- I'VE DECIDED TO PUT MY FOOT DOWN!

NOW, ALFRED--

BOTH YOU AND THE YOUNG MAWSTER HAVE WORN YOURSELVES OUT BATTLIN' FOOTPADS AND SCALAWAGS, AND IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE THAT YOU TAKE A REAL REST!

WE'LL TAKE IT EASY ON OUR VACATION--HONEST!

AYE, SO YOU WILL -- BECAUSE I LEFT YOUR FIGHTIN' TOGS OUT WHEN I PACKED YOUR LUGGAGE! THEY'RE WELL HIDDEN!

BUT WE CAN'T GO INTO ACTION WITHOUT THEM! IT WOULD EXPOSE OUR REAL IDENTITIES!

IN THE END, ALFRED HAS HIS WAY...

AND THEN WE'D BE USELESS AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

SO LONG, TYRANT!

IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SCOFF, SIR -- BUT YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I, I'M ACTING FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! MIND YOU EAT WELL AND GET LOTS OF SLEEP!

...OR DOES HE?

HE'S GUESSED THIS ISN'T JUST A VACATION TRIP, BRUCE! HE KNOWS WE WOULDN'T DRIVE TO SANTO PABLO JUST FOR PLEASURE, WITH GAS AND RUBBER AS SCARCE AS THEY ARE!

VERY LIKELY, DICK! BUT I HAD AN IDEA HE MIGHT PROTEST, AND SO I PULLED A FAST ONE ON HIM...

IT'S LUCKY HE DIDN'T SUSPECT I PUT A SPARE **BATMAN** UNIFORM ON UNDERNEATH THESE CLOTHES!

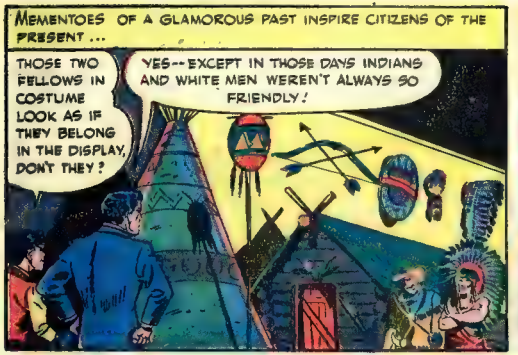
YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, CHUM! LOOK!

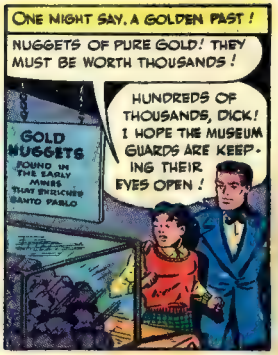
AND NOW FOR HISTORIC SANTO PABLO, ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES OF THE SOUTHWEST! SUNSHINE, ROMANCE!

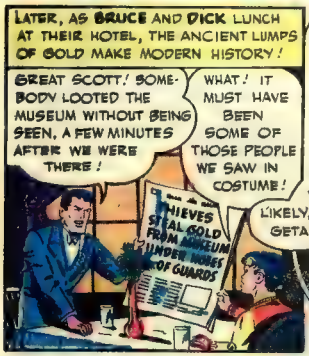
AND DANGER AND EXCITEMENT--I HOPE!

HAVING WITNESSED THE OUTWITTING OF THE EVER-VIGILANT ALFRED, LET US TURN THE CLOCK BACK A FEW HOURS AND SEE JUST WHY THIS "VACATION" JAUNT IS REALLY SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT...
LOOK SHARP, AND YOU'LL CATCH A GLIMPSE OF TWO AWSOME SHADOWS FLITTING ACROSS THE GOTHAM CITY ROOFTOPS ...
TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL IS WELL!
SO FAR!
SUDDENLY...
ROBIN, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
IF YOU'RE LOOKING WHERE I AM, BATMAN, I THINK I DO!
LIKE GIANT BIRDS OF PREY, THE HOODED FIGURES SWOOP!
HUH--?
THE BATMAN!
AND ROBIN!
IF IT ISN'T "DUCKY" MALLARD AND HIS FLOCK OF JAILBIRDS!
IT'S A PLEASURE TO GIVE YOU MY HAND, "BULLET!"
MY BULLETS ARE MISSIN' HIM, BUT HE AIN'T MISSIN' "BULLET!"
LET'S SETTLE THIS ARGUMENT IN A SPORTING WAY. "SPORT"--WITH FISTS!
OW! WHO'S GONNA SETTLE MY STUMMICK?
AS THE DEMORALIZED ROBBERS DROP THEIR LOOT AND FLEE, THE BOY WONDER MAKES A FLYING TACKLE ...
LET'S GO! THOSE SHOTS WILL BRING THE COPS!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
THEY GOT AWAY!
MAYBE "DAZIE" DICKENS, HERE CAN HELP US FIND THEM!
NOT A CHANCE, KID! AIN'T YA NEVER HOID DAT "DAZIES" DON'T TELL?
3

TRUE TO THE CODE OF THE UNDERWORLD, DAZIE MEANS TO REMAIN SILENT--BUT THE BOSS GANGSTER DOES NOT TRUST HIS HENCHMAN...
SLOW UP! THE BATMAN'S GOT DAZIE, AND HE KNOWS THE WHOLE SCHEME! I CAN'T HAVE HIM SQUEALING!
SO YOU'RE GONNA SEAL HIS LIPS WID LEAD, HUH?
ONE ACT OF TREACHERY LEADS TO ANOTHER...
OOOHHH!... DA DOITY DOUBLE-CROSSER PLUGGED ME!... JUST FOR DAT, I'LL TOIN STOOL-PIGEON...
BANG!
I'M DYIN'... BUT I'LL GET EVEN! DUCKY'S TAKIN'... DA MOB... TO SANTO PABLO... FOR... AAAAAAH-HHHHH....
FOR WHAT, DAZIE?... TOO LATE! HE'S DEAD!
NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW!
SANTO PABLO, EH? I'D GO FURTHER THAN THAT TO CLIP DUCKY MALLARD'S WINGS!
A CHANGE OF SCENERY SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!
SO IT IS THAT, TWO MORNINGS LATER, A SLEEK ROADSTER NEARS A THRIVING LITTLE METROPOLIS OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST...
A BIRTHDAY PARTY! WE CAN COMBINE BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!
SANTO PABLO 300TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
BIG TORCHLIGHT PAGEANT TONIGHT
I'VE GOT A WEAKNESS FOR COSTUME PARTIES. LET'S MIX WITH THE CROWDS!
VERY COLORFUL--BUT IT WON'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER TO FIND DUCKY AND HIS GANGSTERS!
CITY MUSEUM
THERE'S A SPECIAL HISTORICAL DISPLAY HERE, IT SEEMS!
MAYBE IT WILL HELP ME IN MY AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS AT SCHOOL!


MEMENTOES OF A GLAMOROUS PAST INSPIRE CITIZENS OF THE PRESENT ...
THOSE TWO FELLOWS IN COSTUME LOOK AS IF THEY BELONG IN THE DISPLAY, DON'T THEY ?
YES--EXCEPT IN THOSE DAYS INDIANS AND WHITE MEN WEREN'T ALWAYS SO FRIENDLY !

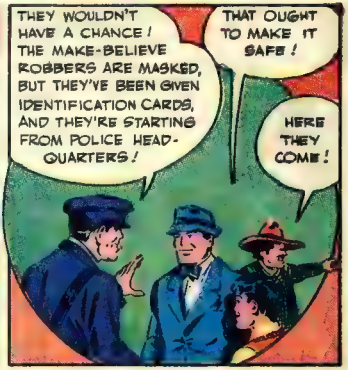

ONE NIGHT SAY, A GOLDEN PAST !
NUGGETS OF PURE GOLD! THEY MUST BE WORTH THOUSANDS !
GOLD NUGGETS FOUND IN THE EARLY MINES THAT ENRICHED SANTO PABLO
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS, DICK! I HOPE THE MUSEUM GUARDS ARE KEEPING THEIR EYES OPEN !


LATER, AS BRUCE AND DICK LUNCH AT THEIR HOTEL, THE ANCIENT LUMPS OF GOLD MAKE MODERN HISTORY !
GREAT SCOTT! SOMEBODY LOOTED THE MUSEUM WITHOUT BEING SEEN. A FEW MINUTES AFTER WE WERE THERE !
WHAT ! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE WE SAW IN COSTUME !
THIEVES STEAL GOLD FROM MUSEUM UNDER NOSES OF GUARDS

YOU MEAN IT MUST HAVE BEEN DUCKY MALLARD AND SOME OF HIS GANG IN DISGUISE! THIS WAS WHAT THEY WERE COMING HERE FOR--AND NOW THEY'VE MADE THEIR HAUL AND, VERY LIKELY, A CLEAN GETAWAY!

SANTO PABLO IS A BUSY, BUSTLING, GAY CITY THAT AFTERNOON ...
EVEN IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT TOWN, THINK HOW EASILY THEY COULD LOSE THEMSELVES IN THIS CROWD AFTER DISGUISING THEMSELVES!
SPEAKING OF CROWDS, THERE'S A BIG ONE IN FRONT OF THAT BANK!
BANK

IT'S A RE-ENACTMENT OF A FAMOUS BANK HOLDUP OF THE OLD DAYS, MISTER! THEY'RE MAKING MOVIES OF IT!
WHAT IF SOME CROOKS GOT THE IDEA OF TURNING IT INTO A REAL HOLDUP?


THEY WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE ! THE MAKE-BELIEVE ROBBERS ARE MASKED, BUT THEY'VE BEEN GIVEN IDENTIFICATION CARDS, AND THEY'RE STARTING FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS !
THAT OUGHT TO MAKE IT SAFE !
HERE THEY COME !

CLATTERING HOOFS AND THUNDERING GUNS BRING BACK ONE OF THE BANDIT EPICS OF THE SOUTHWEST..
REACH FOR THE CLOUDS, YUH PRARIE DOGS! I'M TWO-GUN THOMPSON, AN' I SHOOT FASTER'N A RATTLER STRIKES!
IT'S THE WILD AN WOOLEY WEST, ALL RIGHT! I'M GLAD THEY'RE USING BLANKS!
BA
EVEN THE NIGHT-FLYING BATS ARE WAKENED AND STARTLED OUT OF A NEAR-BY BELFRY BY THE CRASHING OF SHOTS -- WHICH IS UNFORTUNATE FOR ONE OF THEM...
E-E-E--EE-EEE!
BANG
BANG
A SECOND LATER...
WHA--? OF ALL THINGS, A BAT! IT MUST HAVE FLOWN INTO A WIRE! IT'S ALMOST LIKE AN OMEN!
OMEN IS RIGHT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--QUICK!
IN A SECLUDED DOORWAY BEHIND THE CROWD, A SWIFT TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE..
I DON'T GET IT! WHY DO WE SWITCH TO BATMAN AND ROBIN JUST BECAUSE A BAT HAD A HEAD-ON COLLISION?
BECAUSE THERE'S A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE BAT! IT COLLIDED WITH A BULLET--AND THAT MEANS THOSE RAIDERS AREN'T USING BLANKS AS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO!
MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE BANK...
HA, HA! HERE'S YOUR LOOT, TWO GUN THOMPSON! TOO BAD IT'S STAGE MONEY, INSTEAD OF THE REAL STUFF I'VE GOT IN THE CASH DRAWER!
JUST BE-TWEEN YOU AND ME, IT'S GOING TO BE THE REAL STUFF!
SAVINGS
GRAB ALL THE DOUGH IN SIGHT! DON'T MISS A NICKLE!
I NEVER MISSED NOTHIN' YET, AND I AIN'T STARTIN' NOW!
SAVINGS
PRIVATE
LIKE TAKIN' CANDY AWAY FROM A BABY! AND THE COPS ARE HOLDING THE CROWDS BACK SO WE CAN MAKE OUR GET-AWAY!
HAW, HAW! DUCKY, YOU'RE A GENIUS!

ABRUPTLY...
TIME TO UNMASK, GENTLEMEN!
HUH?.. I'M HAVIN' A NIGHTMARE!
NIGHTMARE OR NOT, KILL THEM!
RECEIVING
WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T SPORT! WE MET IN GOTHAM CITY--REMEMBER?
I WISH I COULD FORGET!
HELLO, BULLET!, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GOING AROUND DISGUISED AS A BLANK CARTRIDGE?
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT HERE, BATMAN -- BUT YOU AREN'T GETTING AWAY ALIVE!
I'M SHOT!
YOU SHOULD HAVE DUCKED, DUCKY MALLARD!
I'LL FIX YOU FOR THIS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
RECEIVING
UNABLE TO FLEE, THE BANDIT LEADER HITS UPON AN AUDACIOUS SCHEME..
I'M WEDGED IN TIGHT!... I'M A GONER--UNLESS I CAN GET THE COPS TO HELP ME! I'LL TURN IN THE ALARM!
ALARM
AND DASHING TO ANSWER THE CLANGING SUMMONS, THE POLICE ACCEPT THE FIRST EXPLANATION THEY HEAR!
GRAB THEM, OFFICERS! THEY'RE CROOKS, DISGUISED AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN! THEY SLUGGED THE TELLER AND BEAT US, AND TRIED TO TURN THIS INTO A REAL ROBBERY!
HANDS UP, OR WE'LL MOW YOU DOWN!
RECEIVING
ALL IN ALL, IT'S THE NEATEST ESCAPE OF THE YEAR!
SEE YOU AT HEADQUARTERS, OFFICERS!
DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY! THEY LIED TO YOU! WE'RE REALLY THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!
TELL IT TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
7

SOME TIME LATER, ANOTHER PATROLMAN INVESTIGATES STRANGE SOUNDS FROM A DESERTED CELLAR
SOMEONE'S MOANING! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!
OHHHHHH...
AND A MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED!
ABOUT TIME SOMEONE FOUND US! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO REHEARSE THAT MAKE-BELIEVE BANK ROBBERY--BUT THREE GUNMEN KIDNAPPED US, STOLE OUR COSTUMES AND IDENTIFICATION CARDS, AND LEFT US LIKE THIS!
JUMPING TADPOLES--THIS WILL RAISE THE ROOF AT HEADQUARTERS!
AT THE POLICE STATION...
IT'S ALL BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, BATMAN! WE KNOW THE TRUTH NOW! IF YOU'LL ONLY OVERLOOK THIS, AND NOT SAY ANYTHING TO THE NEWSPAPERS--
THE POLICE HAVE A TOUGH JOB AT ALL TIMES, CHIEF, AND ROBIN AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO MAKE IT TOUGHER! OF COURSE THE REAL CROOKS HAVE DISAPPEARED!
OF COURSE THEY DID! THE NERVE OF THEM--MASQUERADING AS PEACEFUL CITIZENS, AND STARTING RIGHT FROM HEADQUARTERS TO PULL THAT JOB!
I SUPPOSE THEY'VE LEFT FOR PARTS UNKNOWN WITH THE SWAG!
HMMM!
NO, I DON'T THINK THEY'VE GONE! ALL CROOKS ARE EGOMANIACS, AND THEIR SUCCESS THUS FAR WILL HAVE GONE TO THEIR HEADS! THEY'LL STRIKE AGAIN--PROBABLY TONIGHT, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE EXCITEMENT!
BUT WHERE? HOW? WITH MOST OF THE FORCE NEEDED TO HANDLE THE CROWDS, WHAT CAN I DO?
DRESS UP TWENTY OR THIRTY PICKED OFFICERS TO TAKE PART IN VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE PARADE! ROBIN AND I WILL MAKE ALL OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND, BATMAN, BUT I'LL DO IT! IT WOULD RUIN ME AND DISGRACE SANTO PABLO, IF THEY GOT AWAY WITH THIS!
WHAT IS THE BATMAN'S MYSTERIOUS PLAN? ALL AFTERNOON HE SITS IN A PRIVATE ROOM AT THE POLICE STATION, SCISSORING PAPER SILHOUETTES!
CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS! ANYONE WHO SAW YOU WOULD THINK THE BATMAN HAD GONE BATTY!
WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS I HAVE? TELL THE CHIEF I'LL NEED A DOZEN POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS!

NIGHT -- AND A LURID GLARE OF TORCHES BEATS AGAINST LOW-HANGING CLOUDS AND IS REFLECTED BACK UPON AN AMAZING PROCESSION OF WEIRDLY-GARBED MEN AND WOMEN, WALKING AND RIDING LIKE RISEN GHOSTS OF THE PAST !
FIERCE AND HAUGHTY RED MEN, WHO HELD THE LAND BEFORE PALEFACE ADVENTURERS ARRIVED FROM BEYOND THE SEAS ..
WA-WA-WAA-A-A-A !
SPANISH CONQUISTADORES WHO CAME TO ROB THE INDIANS... AND BUCKSKIN-CLAD PIONEERS WHO SOUGHT MORE ENDURING RICHES
THOSE WERE THE DAYS !
SOME PIONEER YOU'D HAVE MADE ! YOU CAN'T EVEN KEEP OUR LAWN CUT !
BEARDED DREAMERS WHO PROSPECTED FOR PRECIOUS METALS .. HARD RIDING CATTLEMEN OF THE PLAINS... AND ALL THE DANGER-LOVING HOST THAT MANNED AMERICA'S FRONTIERS !
PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!
HIGH ABOVE THE MASSED RANKS OF SPECTATORS, WHEELING BATS ENCIRCLE TWO GRIM WATCHERS ...
WE AMERICANS HAD SOME GREAT ANCESTORS, DIDN'T WE, ROBIN ?
YES, BUT WHAT IS DUCKY MALLARD UP TO WHILE WE WATCH THE CENTURIES GO BY ?
WHAT IS DUCKY UP TO ? NOTHING GOOD, WE MAY BE SURE !
LOOKIT DA SAPS ! WON'T DEY BE SURPRISED WHEN OUR HOMEMADE EARTHQUAKE HITS 'EM ?
"SURPRISED" ISN'T THE WORD, SPORT ! THEY'LL STAMPEDE LIKE A HERD OF CRAZY BUFFALO WHEN I SET OFF THE DYNAMITE CHARGES WE PLANTED !
9

TREACHEROUS FINGERS PRESS ELECTRIC BUTTONS -- AND THE RUMBLE AND SHOCK OF DEEP SHUDDERING EXPLOSIONS SPREADS SUDDEN PANIC THROUGH THE JAMMED DOWNTOWN DISTRICT !
BOOM!
BOOOM
HOTELS
EARTHQUAKE!
TAKE IT EASY! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEADS!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
SAFE FROM THE MILLING CROWDS AND PRANCING FEET OF HORSES, THE CRIMINALS RACE THROUGH A DESERTED ALLEY...
THE COPS WILL HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL WITH THE CROWDS, AND WE'LL BE OUT OF TOWN WITH MILLIONS IN LOOT BEFORE THINGS QUIET DOWN!
WHAT A LAFF! DA CHUMPS SPEND T'REE HUNDRED YEARS MAKIN' A CITY RICH, AN' WE GRAB DA GRAVY IN ONE DAY!
DIS IS DA EASIEST WAY I KNOW TO BUST OPEN A BANK!
THAT'S THE BACK DOOR OF THE JEWELRY SHOP, SPORT! BLAST IT WITH A GRENADE!
WIT' PLEASURE!
BUT WHILE UNIFORMED POLICEMEN STRIVE TO REASSURE THE FRIGHTENED THRONGS, OTHERS IN PAGEANT COSTUMES DART AWAY FROM THE AREA IN CONFUSION!
REMEMBER THE BATMAN'S ORDERS! SERGEANT ROURKE, TAKE YOUR SQUAD INTO THAT ALLEY! PATROLMAN CONNORS, YOU GO THE OTHER WAY!
RIGHT, INSPECTOR!
MOMENTS LATER, AS THE LOOT-BURDENED CROOKS TRY TO MAKE THEIR GETAWAY...
HALT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
HEY! DA POLICE FORCE HAS GONE NATIVE!
BACK THIS WAY, QUICK, BEFORE WE GET SCALPED!
FOR ONCE, RED MEN AND CONQUISTADORES CO-OPERATE!
ULP! I'M SEEIN' T'INGS!
DROP THOSE GUNS AND SURRENDER!
COME-ON! THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OUT!

AND NOW, AN AWE-INSPIRING DISPLAY OF LIGHT-BEAMS CONVERGES WITH STARTLING EFFECT AGAINST THE LOW CLOUDS...
THE BAT EMBLEM--A LOT OF THEM, ALL TOGETHER!
NOW YOU KNOW WHY I CUT OUT THOSE PAPER BATS! I PASTED THEM ON FLASHLIGHT LENSES, AND GAVE THEM TO THE POLICE TO USE AS SIGNALS!
YOU AND I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD MUCH CHANCE OF FINDING DUCKY AND HIS MOB WITHOUT HELP! THAT'S WHY I HAD POLICEMEN PUT IN THE PARADE, TO SPREAD OUT AND START HUNTING AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE!
I ONLY HOPE DUCKY DOESN'T GET ARRESTED BEFORE WE GET A CRACK AT HIM!
CORNERED, THE GANGSTERS TURN LIKE TRAPPED BEASTS AND HOLD THEIR PURSUERS AT BAY!
COME ONE STEP NEARER AND I'LL BLOW YOU TO BITS!
HOLD ON, MEN! NO USE GETTING OURSELVES KILLED!
CHEE-- DAT BAT GIVES ME DA CREEPS!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
WHA-- THE BATMAN!
I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THIS, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
WE'RE SUNK!
LITTLE MAN, YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY-- BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW!
WHY THE BLANK EXPRESSION, BULLET?... OR DID I PULL THAT GAG BEFORE?
TAKE MY HAND GRENADE, WILL YOU? HERE'S SOME LEAD TO GO WITH IT!
IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT, DUCKY, YOU CAN HAVE IT BACK!
AAAAA-A-A
THAT'S CLIPPING HIS WINGS, BATMAN!

WELL, THAT'S THAT! OUR JOB'S FINISHED!
NO, IT ISN'T! THAT PANIC GRIPPING THE CROWD MAY BECOME MORE DANGEROUS THAN AN ARMY OF CRIMINALS! COME ON!
THE SEETHING THRONG'S ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY A REASSURING CRY, AS A LITHE FIGURE RISES INTO VIEW...
LISTEN TO ME! THERE'S NO DANGER!
HUH?... IT'S THE BATMAN!
NO DANGER, HE SAYS! BUT WE HEARD THE EARTHQUAKE, FELT IT, SAW IT!
AND SOUND COMMON SENSE SOON TRIUMPHS OVER BLIND TERROR!
THESE EXPLOSIONS WERE SET BY CROOKS TO STAMPEDE YOU, SO THAT THEY COULD BREAK INTO BANKS! BUT THEY'VE BROKEN INTO JAIL INSTEAD!
SO THAT'S THE ANSWER!
WHAT FOOLS WE WERE TO GET EXCITED!
THE PAGEANT IS RESUMED -- AND TWO MODERN HEROES ARE MADE TO TAKE THEIR PLACES WITH THOSE OF OTHER ERAS!
THREE CHEERS FOR THE BATMAN! HOORAY FOR ROBIN!
THE FIGHTING WAS FUN BUT THIS IS EMBARRASSING!
THEY MEAN WELL, ROBIN -- AND ANYWAY, WE HAVEN'T ANY MORE CHANCE OF ESCAPING THAN DUCKY AND HIS UGLY DUCKLINGS HAVE!
BUT LATER, WHEN BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON RETURN TO GOTHAM CITY...
BACK SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED, ALFRED! WE WERE AFRAID WE'D BE BORED AND --
IT'S NO GOOD PRETENDIN', MAWSTER DICK! I'VE READ THE PUBLIC PRINTS AND YOUR DECEIT IS KNOWN TO ME
OH, OH -- I'M AFRAID WE'RE IN FOR IT!
12
AS YOU WILL NOTE, I HAVE ALREADY PACKED MY BELONGINGS!
BUT, ALFRED, YOU CAN'T LEAVE US! YOU'RE LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY! WE COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!
PLEASE SAY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE!
INDEED I'M GOING TO LEAVE, SIRS -- WITH YOU, ON YOUR VERY NEXT OUT-OF-TOWN CASE! AS A TRAINED CRIMINOLOGIST, I'LL BE INVALUABLE TO YOU.
WHEW! THAT'S DIFFERENT! EH, DICK?
"HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE"
WHEW! I'LL SAY!
THE END

# SCRAP HAUL

## by Allan Gerz

KNUCKLES HANLEY emptied the can of beans into the pot on the wood stove. He shivered; Fall was coming on and it wasn't any too warm in this neck of the woods. Then, involuntarily, his hand strayed to the new beard on his face.

It was a lush growth. Knuckles walked over to the mirror, looked at it, and smiled his satisfaction. A couple of days more and he'd be able to get out of this burg. With the beard, nobody would recognize him. Sure, the FBI had plenty of pictures of him—but none with a beard.

Another week, if all went well, and he'd be in Mexico. It would be nice down there, with a lot of dough to spend. His eyes strayed to the pantry, behind the locked door of which were the two sacks of money he had got in the Minorville Bank hold-up. Yes, only a couple more days and he'd be through with all this. . . .

Including beans. And every other kind of canned food he had stored up in the pantry. He smiled thoughtfully to himself. It had been a happy idea, a couple of years back, buying this farm in the northern part of the state and stocking it up. A perfect hideaway, and nobody knew about it.

He had given his real name, John Hanley Walker, when he had bought it. There had been no heat on him then, so nobody knew, around here anyway, who he really was. He chuckled. He sure had taken in these yokels. They thought he was an author, who'd only come up during the summers.

Well, he had come up in summer this time; the tail end of summer. And the Feds had been hot and heavy on his trail. But he had managed to shake them off, and get into hiding while he grew these chin whiskers.

Whistling, he picked up the empty bean can from the table and walked to the back door. Just outside was an old ash-can, all punctured with holes. This was Knuckles' incinerator. He dropped the can into it, observing that soon he'd have to start burning up the garbage again. He looked disapprovingly at the blackened pile of empty cans beside the home-made incinerator. He sure had eaten a lot of canned goods these past couple of weeks. It would be good to walk into a restaurant again, and get a decent meal.

He hadn't dared show himself in town. Fortunately, his nearest neighbor was a mile away, and apparently minded his own business. There had been no trouble getting the house going. There was plenty of kerosene for the old lamps, and a huge pile of wood in the shed.

Thinking of the wood reminded Knuckles that he'd better bring in a load. The fire was getting low. Still whistling, he went into the shed. He bent over, intending to gather an armful, when, suddenly, he heard voices.

Knuckles stiffened. His hand stole to the .45 beneath his shirt. He looked out cautiously—then blinked. What the dickens—a couple of kids! Boy Scouts, no less! His face clouded as he saw them at the back door. What did they want around here?

He walked over. "What's up son?"

The taller of the two boys spoke. "Oh, hello, Mr. Walker. My dad runs the farm next to yours. He saw your smoke the day you came, so he knew you were here. We just came over on the salvage drive. I'm Henry Cable."

Knuckles stared at them. "So the old man saw the smoke," he muttered to himself. "Maybe they're not as sleepy around here as I thought." Aloud, he said: "What salvage drive?"

Henry Cable looked at him. "Oh, you haven't heard?" Then he smiled. "I forgot. You're a writer. You probably don't even listen to the radio, do you? This is supposed to be the day for Boy Scouts all over the country to pick up old metal, and rubber and things like that. We thought maybe you'd let us go over your farm.

Knuckles glowered at him. "I don't know anything about it," he said, angrily. Then, remembering that to make a good impression wouldn't hurt, he said: "But you kids can look around. Go ahead." He paused. The smaller of the two scouts was poking at the blackened pile of canned goods with his foot. "Hey, cut that out," Knuckles said.

The boy looked at him. "But, listen, mister . . . "

A cold wind struck Knuckles' shoulders. It was too cold to be out here. Besides, he had talked too much already. "Now look, son," he said. "I'm busy writing a book. If you kids want to poke in the barns, go ahead. I've got work to do. Now get moving. You can have anything you find."

"Gee, Mr. Walker," Henry Cable said. "That's swell. Thanks." He grabbed the other boy. "Come on, Charles."

Knuckles watched them from the kitchen window. When they emerged from the barn, their arms were filled with old metal, which they carried to a cart in the road.

He felt pleased with himself. After all, that little gesture might help sometime.

"But people are crazy running around collecting all that junk," he told himself. "For what?" Knuckles didn't care much, one way or the other, about the war. His business went on, war or no war. And he didn't have to worry about the draft, he reflected happily; he was past thirty-eight. Not that

he had bothered to register anyway. He sighed.

He rose from his chair and went over to the portable radio he had placed on a ledge over the stove. It was almost time for the news. He switched on the power and dialed in the station.

Then he recoiled as he heard his name mentioned. His eyes became mere slits in his head as, every nerve tense, he listened:

"... and you all know Knuckles Hanley," the commentator said, "he's the coward who shot down a bank teller in Minorville two weeks ago and also wounded an innocent bystander. Last night the FBI located the car that Knuckles Hanley used. It was found abandoned in an old stone quarry by Boy Scouts, who had been scouring the country in a salvage drive. The car was bullet . . . "

Knuckles' face was a mask of fury as he switched off the radio. Boy Scouts! If it hadn't been for them, that car might never have been found. For months, Knuckles had had that quarry in mind as a place to ditch the car. He had known no one ever went there. The place was set deep in a woods, only twenty-five miles from here.

For a moment, Knuckles felt the cold breath of fear blowing on his neck. What if he had let them into the house, and they had seen those bags in the pantry? He shook his head angrily, as though to drive the thought away. Well, they hadn't —and they had no idea who he was. They thought he was Mr. Walker, a writer.

Just the same, this was no place to be right now. No telling what kind of a trail the Feds would pick up. Knuckles looked at the clock. A quarter to five. In another half hour it would be dark. He could hike down to the bus line. Nobody in town would recognize him, with his new beard.

Hastily, he made his preparations. In a battered valise he had found in the attic he put the two bags of money he had stolen. He put on a tie, and a dark blue coat. In the pocket of the coat he put his automatic. Then he walked to the back door, intending to lock it.

It was then that he saw the two men walking cautiously across the field. Knuckles stepped back out of the doorway, his face tightening. One of the men was the local sheriff, and there was a gun strapped to his hip. The other man was in plain clothes. Panic took possession of Knuckles as he looked over his shoulder, out the kitchen window. The car with a big star painted on its side was standing in the road.

There was no doubt about it. This was a trap! And the guy in plain clothes was a Fed! Knuckles' grip tightened about the gun. So they figured they'd sneak up on him, did they? Well—they asked for it!

He didn't realize how nervous he was until he fired the gun. The shot went wild.

Hastily, Knuckles backed away from the doorway. But the sheriff was fast. His gun went off.

Knuckles pitched forward; the bullet had shattered his shoulder. He tried to retrieve the .45 which had dropped from his hand, but another shot caught his wrist. The next moment, the sheriff was towering over him, a look of bewilderment in his eyes. The other man's face was wild with fright, and he was saying: "He—he—shot at us, Sheriff Cable!"

Cable? Despite the pain in the body, Knuckles shuddered. That was the name of the Boy Scout. And this guy was his father—the sheriff. The kid must have tipped off the FBI. But how? He started to mutter an oath, but the words remained unsaid; for Cable suddenly said:

"Yes, Waldo, he did shoot at us. To kill, too. And I want to find out why." He looked at Knuckles and said steadily: "I want to find out why, Mr. Walker, you shot at the Salvage Director of this town, and me, when all we came for was to thank you for the scrap you donated today, and warn you that you shouldn't burn up tin cans. Your country needs them!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of BATMAN published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the BATMAN COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y., Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; H. Donenfeld, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; P. H. Sampliner., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1943.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

# BATMAN WITH ROBIN

FAR OUT ON THE CALM PACIFIC, WHERE FISHERMEN PLY THEIR PEACEFUL TRADE, CRIME STRIKES WITH SUDDEN SAVAGE FURY! MARAUDERS FROM NOWHERE LASH OUT AND VANISH WITH DEADLY SPEED! THEIR VICTIMS—HELPLESS TOILERS OF THE SEA! THEIR LOOT--- THE STRANGEST SWAG CRIMINALS EVER SOUGHT! WHO ARE THEY? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? HOW DO THEY DISAPPEAR SO MYSTERIOUSLY? FOLLOW **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER AS THEY FISH WITH LEFT HOOKS AND BARBED WITS FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER IN THE ...

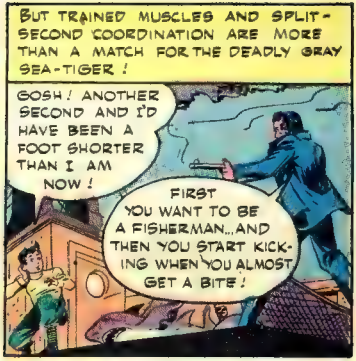
## "ADVENTURE of the VITAMIN VANDALS!"

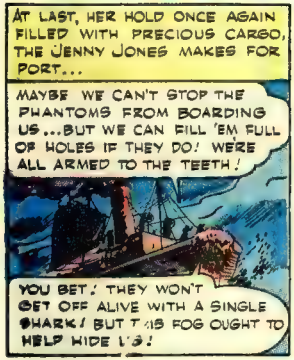
AT THE RICH FISHING GROUNDS OFF CALIFORNIA'S BOUNTIFUL COAST, THE GOOD SHIP "JENNY JONES" COMES TO THE END OF A HIGHLY PROFITABLE TRIP...
PUT ABOUT, MATES! WE'RE RICH AND WE'RE HEADING HOME!
AYE, THAT WE ARE SKIPPER! RIGHT NOW AT LEAST!
FOR HER HOLD IS JAM-PACKED WITH PRICELESS SOUPFIN SHARKS--WHOSE LIVER CONTAINS MORE VITAMIN A THAN ANY OTHER FISH OF THE SEA.
A MIGHTY BIG HAUL! WE'VE GOT TWENTY-FIVE TONS OF 'EM!
YEAH! AT $1500 A TON, THEY'RE WOLTH $37,500!
YET FEAR AND GLOOM LIE HEAVILY ON THE HEARTS OF THE LUCKY FISHERMEN!
WHAT'S THE USE OF KIDDING OURSELVES? WE'LL NEVER GET THESE SHARKS TO PORT!
NOT WITH THE PHANTOM RAIDERS ROBBING EVERY SHIP THAT MAKES A DECENT CATCH!
THE PHANTOM RAIDERS--DREAD SCOURGES OF THE FISHING GROUNDS! AS NIGHT DRAWS NEAR...
HOW CAN THEY CLIMB ABOARD? WE'VE GOT EVERY SIDE OF THE JENNY COVERED!
SURE! EVEN A DINGHY COULDN'T PUILL UP WITHOUT BEING SIGHTED... AND PICKING UP A CARGO OF LEAD!
BUT SUDDENLY...
T'ROW DOWN YOUR ROSCOES! DE ONE DAT DON'T IS A DEAD MACKEREL, SEE!
THE PHANTOM RAIDERS!
THEY GOT ON THE SHIP WITHOUT US SEEING THEM!
SURROUNDED FORE AND AFTER, THERE IS NO CHOICE BUT SURRENDER!
NO MORE OF THIS FOR ME! I'M GETTING A JOB ON THE BEACH!
WHAT YOU CHUMPS KICKIN' ABOUT? LOOKIT THE DOUGH YA ALMOST MADE!
ME, TOO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
A KEY GRATES IN THE STOUT OAKEN DOOR... THE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS OF THE PHANTOM RAIDERS ECHO TOWARD THE DECK... AND THE CREW IS HELD PRISONER IN THEIR OWN SHIP!
WHO'S THE CONSARNED TRAITOR WHO LET THEM ABOARD?
NOBODY, SIR! THEY DIDN'T BOARD US... THEY CAME FROM AMIDSHIPS, WHILE WE WERE WATCHING THE SEA!

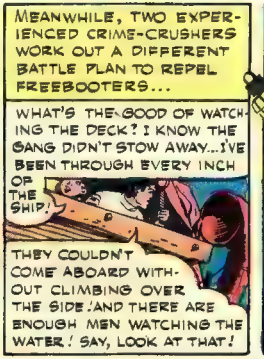
BUT HOW? THEY COULDN'T HAVE STOWED AWAY! ... AVAST THERE, I HEAR A WINCH CLANKING AND RATTLING UP ABOVE!
THEY'RE TAKING OUR WHOLE HAUL -- ALMOST $40,000 WORTH OF SOUP-FIN SHARKS!
NOT IF WE CATCH THEM FROM BEHIND, THE SAME AS THEY CAUGHT US! THEY THINK WE'LL STAY DOWN HERE LIKE RATS IN A TRAP... BUT WE WON'T! WHO'S WITH ME?
ALL OF US, SKIPPER!
THE HEAVY DOOR SOON SPLINTERS BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF POWERFUL BODIES! BUT AS THE MEN RUSH UP TO DECK...
THEY'RE GONE!
BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOT VERY FAR... THEY MUST BE JUST PULLING AWAY! SPLIT UP AND COVER EVERY COMPASS POINT! SING OUT IF YOU SIGHT THEM, MEN!
SECONDS LATER...
NOT A SIGN OF A BOAT'S WAKE!
THEY JUST APPEARED AND DISAPPEARED... LIKE THE PHANTOMS THEY ARE!
UH-HUH! OUR VACATION'S OVER, EH BRUCE?
LIKE A PALL, BLACK MYSTERY HANGS OVER THE JENNIE JONES! HOW COULD THE EERIE BANDITS APPROACH ACROSS OPEN WATER AND YET ESCAPE DETECTION? HOW COULD THEY SWARM ABOARD WITHOUT BEING SEEN? HOW COULD THEY VANISH, LEAVING NO TRACE
But not far off are two famed unravelers of secrets -- playboy BRUCE WAYNE and his young ward, DICK GRAYSON -- vacationing at Filmlands exclusive Malibu Beach!
COME ON IN, DICK!
WHAT'S UP?
WHAT A MAN... HMM...
RIGHT! ROBBING HONEST HARD-WORKING FISHERMEN IS BAD ENOUGH... BUT THIS HITS OUR GOVERNMENT! WE NEED VITAMINS TO KEEP OUR SOLDIERS HEALTHY! LET'S GO!
AND WITHIN THE HOUR, TWO TYPICAL SEAFARERS IN SEARCH OF JOBS THREAD THROUGH BEEHIVE DOCKS TO THE SOMBER JENNY JONES.
SURE I COULD USE A CABIN BOY AND A DECK-HAND--MOST OF M. MEN QUIT WHEN WE DOCKED! BUT I'VE MADE MY LAST TRIP... AHOY THERE, MR. GIBBONS!
DID I HEAR YOU RIGHT, SKIPPER? YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT AGAIN?

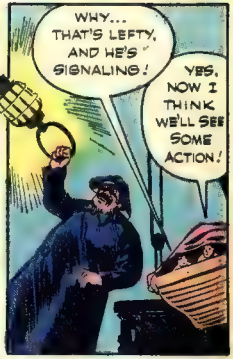
AS THE CAPTAIN TALKS TO FISH-BROKER ARCHIE GIBBONS, THE DISGUISED BATMAN AND ROBIN GLANCE AROUND...
HMMM! WHAT'S SAND DOING HERE?
WE FISH BROKERS ARE BEING PUT OUT OF BUSINESS BY THOSE BLASTED PHANTOMS! I'VE GOT TO HAVE SHARK LIVERS! I'LL GIVE YOU $2000 A TON FOR SOUP-FINS.
A $500 A TON BONUS! WELL... OKAY! IT'S WORTH THE RISK!
AVAST, YOU TWO--YOU'RE HIRED! REPORT TOMORROW MORNING!
THANKS, SKIPPER! WHEW! I THOUGHT WE'D HAVE TO HUNT ALL OVER THE DOCKS FOR A SHIP THAT'S GOING OUT!
PRETTY SPORTING OF THAT FISH-BROKER, ARCHIE GIBBONS, TO MAKE IT WORTH WHILE FOR SHIPS TO MAKE MORE TRIPS!
YES... BUT DID YOU NOTICE THAT PILE OF SAND ON THE JENNY'S DECK? PECULIAR THING TO FIND ON A FISHING SHIP THAT'S JUST DOCKED!
THE DECKS ARE SWABBED SEVERAL TIMES A DAY WHEN FISH ARE BEING PULLED IN... SO THE SAND MUST HAVE GOT THERE ON THE WAY HOME--
MAYBE AROUND THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY, EH? WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!
LATE THE NEXT DAY, THE JENNY JONES REACHES THE TEEMING FISHING GROUNDS WHERE VALUABLE SOUP-FINS ABOUND...
SO THIS IS HOW YOU CATCH SHARKS, EH, LEFTY? JUST PAY OUT NETS AND LET 'EM DRIFT WITH THE TIDE! PRETTY SOFT!
YEP! EACH NET HAS BUOYS WITH ITS SHIP'S COLORS TO PREVENT MIXUPS!
AND ON THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...
SAY, WHAT MADE ME THINK SHARK-FISHING IS A CINCH? HAULING IN A LOADED NET IS BACK-BREAKING WORK!
HAH, HAH! I FIGURED YOU'D CHANGE YOUR MIND SOON ENOUGH! OKAY, GRAB YOUR RIFLE! WE'RE DUMPING THE NETS!
JENNY JONES
READY WITH THAT GUN NOW! CLUBBING USUALLY KNOCKS THEM OUT... BUT NOT ALWAYS!
AND A SHARK LOOSE ON DECK MUST BE A PRETTY DANGEROUS CUSTOMER WITH SKIN LIKE NUMBER ONE SANDPAPER AND TEETH LIKE YOUNG BAYONETS!
4

ABRUPTLY... AS IF FATE HAD OVERHEARD... THE MOMENT DREADED BY ALL SHARK-FISHERMEN!
DO SOMETHING! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT AT ME!

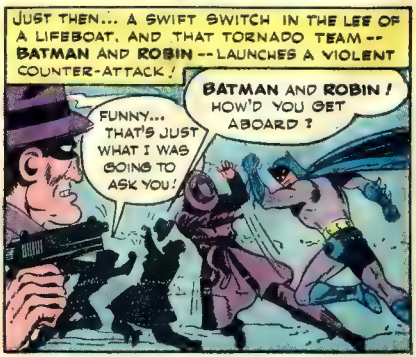

BUT TRAINED MUSCLES AND SPLIT-SECOND COORDINATION ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE DEADLY GRAY SEA-TIGER!
GOSH! ANOTHER SECOND AND I'D HAVE BEEN A FOOT SHORTER THAN I AM NOW!
FIRST YOU WANT TO BE A FISHERMAN...AND THEN YOU START KICKING WHEN YOU ALMOST GET A BITE!

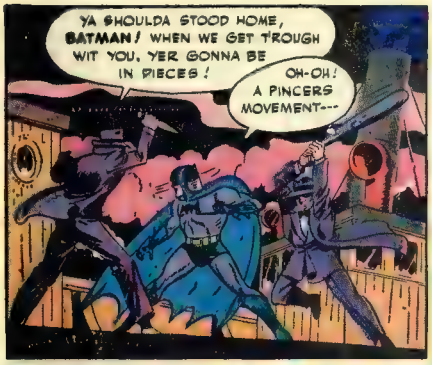

AT LAST, HER HOLD ONCE AGAIN FILLED WITH PRECIOUS CARGO, THE JENNY JONES MAKES FOR PORT...
MAYBE WE CAN'T STOP THE PHANTOMS FROM BOARDING US...BUT WE CAN FILL 'EM FULL OF HOLES IF THEY DO! WE'RE ALL ARMED TO THE TEETH!
YOU BET! THEY WON'T GET OFF ALIVE WITH A SINGLE SHARK! BUT THIS FOG OUGHT TO HELP HIDE US!


MEANWHILE, TWO EXPERIENCED CRIME-CRUSHERS WORK OUT A DIFFERENT BATTLE PLAN TO REPEL FREEBOOTERS...
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF WATCHING THE DECK? I KNOW THE GANG DIDN'T STOW AWAY...I'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERY INCH OF THE SHIP!
THEY COULDN'T COME ABOARD WITHOUT CLIMBING OVER THE SIDE! AND THERE ARE ENOUGH MEN WATCHING THE WATER! SAY, LOOK AT THAT!


WHY... THAT'S LEFTY, AND HE'S SIGNALING!
YES, NOW I THINK WE'LL SEE SOME ACTION!

AN INSTANT LATER ...
THE PHANTOM RAIDERS! I'LL SHOW YOU!.. A-A-A-G-G-H!
THAT'LL FIX YOU! ANYBODY ELSE GOT THE SAME IDEA?
5

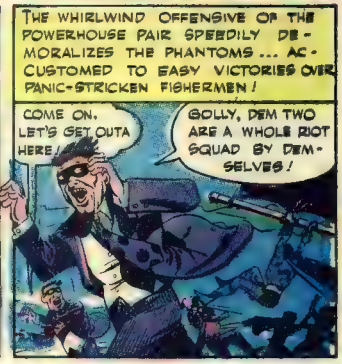

JUST THEN... A SWIFT SWITCH IN THE LEE OF A LIFEBOAT, AND THAT TORNADO TEAM -- BATMAN AND ROBIN -- LAUNCHES A VIOLENT COUNTER-ATTACK!
FUNNY... THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU!
BATMAN AND ROBIN! HOW'D YOU GET ABOARD?


YA SHOULDA STOOD HOME, BATMAN! WHEN WE GET TROUGH WIT YOU, YER GONNA BE IN PIECES!
OH-OH! A PINCERS MOVEMENT---

--SO THE ONLY THING TO DO IS LET YOU BOYS ENCIRCLE AND ANNIHILATE EACH OTHER!
HEY, WATCH WHERE YER GOIN!

SO YER THE BOY WONDER, HUH? YA GONNA WONDER WHAT HIT YA, BOY!

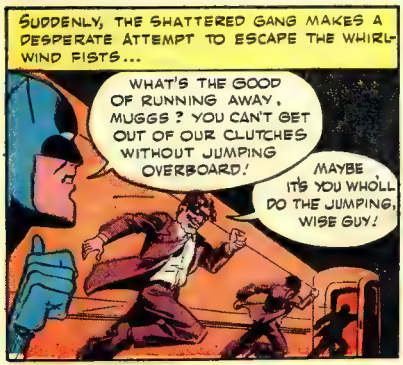
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN... GUESS WHAT HIT YOU!

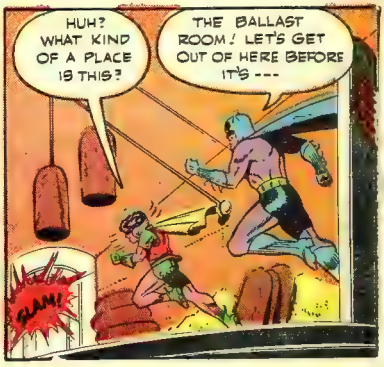

THE WHIRLWIND OFFENSIVE OF THE POWERHOUSE PAIR SPEEDILY DE-MORALIZES THE PHANTOMS... ACCUSTOMED TO EASY VICTORIES OVER PANIC-STRICKEN FISHERMEN!
COME ON, LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
GOLLY, DEM TWO ARE A WHOLE RIOT SQUAD BY DEMSELVES!

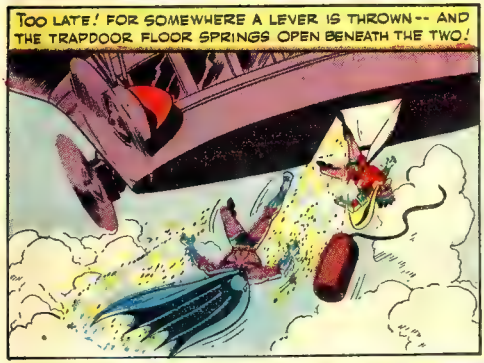
AND THEN...
WELL, I'LL BE SWABBED! WHERE'D THEY GO TO?
UP HERE, ROBIN! HURRY!

THE CROOKS WENT UP HERE? BUT WHERE DO THESE ROPE LADDERS END? WHAT ARE THEY CONNECTED TO?
I THINK I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA! YOU'LL SEE IN JUST A MINUTE...

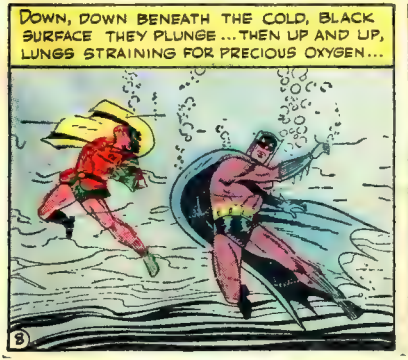
1
A BLIMP! SO THAT'S HOW THEY WERE ABLE TO SNEAK UP AND BOARD SHIPS WITH OUT BEING SIGHTED!
RIGHT! THAT SAND I FOUND ON DECK WAS BALLAST THEY DROPPED TO MAKE THEIR GETAWAY! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CAPTURE THE GANG AND TAKE OVER THE BLIMP... AND UNCLE SAM GETS HIS VITAMIN A!
2 A BIG ORDER! BUT UNFLINCHINGLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO HURTLES INTO THE AIRSHIP STRAIGHT AT THE CUT-THROAT CREW!
WHA--? SAY, CAN'T WE GET AWAY FROM DESE GUYS?
CERTAINLY! JUST STEP OUT THE DOOR!
3
RUSH HIM! HE CAN'T BEAT ALL OF US AT ONCE!
4 ... BUT THE BATMAN USES THE ROPE LADDER TO GOOD ADVANTAGE...
MAYBE NOT... IF YOU CAN REACH ME!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER CORNER OF THE CONFLICT...
UH-UH! TROUBLE!
SMILE AT DE BOIDY, BRAT! DIS IS GONNA BE A BEE-YOOTI-FUL SHOT OF YA!
MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE YOU SEE THINGS CLEARER, RAT!
7

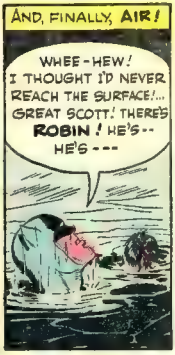

SUDDENLY, THE SHATTERED GANG MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE WHIRLWIND FISTS...
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF RUNNING AWAY, MUGGS? YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF OUR CLUTCHES WITHOUT JUMPING OVERBOARD!
MAYBE IT'S YOU WHO'LL DO THE JUMPING, WISE GUY!


HUH? WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS?
THE BALLAST ROOM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S ---
SLAM!


TOO LATE! FOR SOMEWHERE A LEVER IS THROWN -- AND THE TRAPDOOR FLOOR SPRINGS OPEN BENEATH THE TWO!

THROUGH EMPTY SPACE HURTLE THE HELPLESS PAIR UNTIL, WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING SPLASH, THEY STRIKE THE WATER FAR BELOW!

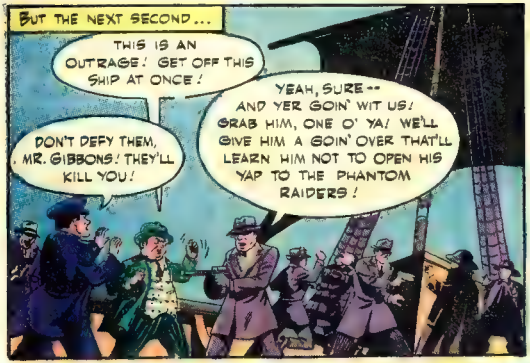

DOWN, DOWN BENEATH THE COLD, BLACK SURFACE THEY PLUNGE ...THEN UP AND UP, LUNGS STRAINING FOR PRECIOUS OXYGEN...
3


AND, FINALLY, AIR!
WHEE-HEW! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER REACH THE SURFACE!... GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S ROBIN! HE'S-- HE'S ---

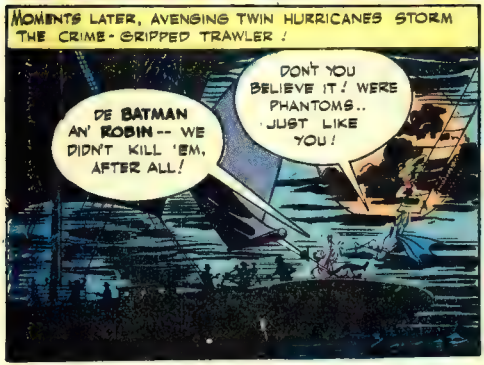
THANK GOODNESS, HE'S ONLY UNCONSCIOUS!... OH-OH! MORE TROUBLE! THAT SHARK'S ON THE TRAIL OF FOOD-- AND WE'RE IT!

LUCKILY... BATMAN SPOTS A FLOATING PIECE OF DRIFT-WOOD....
THIS IS A BREAK - AT LEAST I WILL HAVE ROBIN OFF MY HANDS!
SWIFTLY - THE BATMAN DRAWS A KNIFE FROM HIS UTILITY BELT... DIVES BENEATH THE MURKY WATERS... STRAIGHT INTO THE GAPING JAWS OF THE MAN-EATING MONSTER...
HERE GOES NOTHING!
THERE BENEATH THE VEIL OF THE TREACHEROUS SEA - THE ACE CRIME-FIGHTER IS LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH THE DREADED UNDERWATER KILLER...
..C-CAN'T STAY UNDER MUCH LONGER... LUNGS ARE BURSTING....
BUT THE AGILE BATMAN PROVES FATAL TO EVEN SUCH A FOE... AS HE LASHES FURIOUSLY INTO THE SHARK'S HIDE!
LONG MINUTES AFTER, ROBIN SLOWLY REVIVES...
WHA-- WHAT HAPPENED?
ONLY A MILD TUSSLE WITH A SHARK! I'M JUST FIRING THIS MINIATURE FLARE GUN I BROUGHT ALONG IN MY UTILITY BELT! THE BOY SCOUTS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO BELIEVE IN BEING PREPARED!
AN EERIE SUMMONS SWIFTLY BRINGS A SLIM PATROL SHIP RACING TO THE SCENE!
WE CAUGHT YOUR FLASH, BATMAN.!
GOOD TO SEE YOU, BOYS - IT WAS GETTING KIND OF DAMP OUT HERE!
LATER, WHEN THE SPEEDY RESCUE CRAFT LANDS IT'S GRATEFUL PASSENGERS...
WELL, WE BEAT THE JENNY INTO PORT! HERE SHE COMES! WHAT NOW?
WE WANT TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT BLIMP IS HIDDEN DURING THE DAY! SO WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW LEFTY... THE CHAP WHO SIGNALLED THE PHANTOM RAIDERS! BUT FIRST WE HAVE SOME CHECKING TO DO...
THAT NIGHT...
THERE'S LEFTY NOW!
SWELL! HE OUGHT TO LEAD US DIRECTLY TO THE GANG! I'M CURIOUS ABOUT THAT BLIMP! THE PHANTOMS MUST BE PLENTY SMART TO CONCEAL A BIG THING LIKE THAT... AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW THEY DO IT!

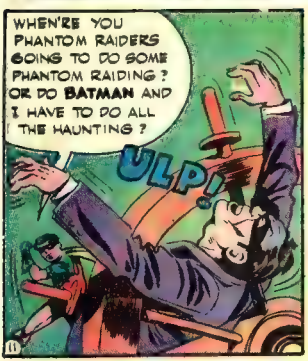
SILENT AS WRAITHS, THE CAPED COMRADES TRAIL THEIR UNSUSPECTING QUARRY THROUGH DIMMED-OUT WATER FRONT BACK ALLEYS... UNTIL...
I GUESS THAT'S YOUR ANSWER--A WAREHOUSE! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THEY CAN GET A BLIMP IN AND OUT OF THERE!
THIS IS NO TIME FOR THEORIZING! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN FIND OUT IS TO GET IN THERE AND SEE FOR OURSELVES!
BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE LAIR OF THE FOE...
YOU GUYS STILL AROUND?
YES, INDEEDY! ALIVE AND---
..SOCKING!
AND THAT'S SOMETHING YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO FOR QUITE A WHILE!
THE GUARD DISPOSED OF, THE PARTNERS IN PERIL VIEW A STARTLING SIGHT...
MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE'RE GONNA PICK UP THE BIG BOSS ON THIS JOB TONIGHT!
GOLLY, WHAT A SETUP! LET'S WADE IN AND CLEAN IT OUT!
WAIT A MINUTE, ROBIN! GRAB THOSE TOW ROPES... WE'RE GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE! WE WANT THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS OUTFIT! I THINK I KNOW WHO HE IS-BUT WE'LL CATCH HIM COLD!
RIGHT! THIS GANG IS ONE OF THE SLICKEST WE'VE TANGLED WITH! I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET THE GENIUS WHO THOUGHT IT ALL UP!
SO THAT'S HOW THEY GET THIS BLIMP OUT OF HERE... THE ROOF OPENS UP LIKE THE DOORS OF A HANGAR!
HIGH ABOVE SLEEPING SAN FRANCISCO...
WHY DID WE HAVE TO PICK THE BALLAST ROOM AGAIN? I DON'T LIKE THE PLACE AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO US LAST TIME!
BECAUSE WE CAN HIDE BEHIND THE SANDBAGS! THE GANG HAVE STOOGES ON THE FISING BOATS THEY INTEND TO ROB!
MEANWHILE, ABOARD A TRAWLER FAR OUT ON THE FISHING GROUNDS...
I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE IT WORTH WHILE TO CONTINUE FISHING, SKIPPER! YOU'VE GOT TWENTY TONS AT $2000 A TON--THAT'S $40,000! AND IF THE PHANTOM RAIDERS HIT, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU FIGHT 'EM OFF!
I'M GLAD, MR GIBBONS! BUT STILL I'M WORRIED!
10


BUT THE NEXT SECOND...
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! GET OFF THIS SHIP AT ONCE!
DON'T DEFY THEM, MR. GIBBONS! THEY'LL KILL YOU!
YEAH, SURE-- AND YER GOIN' WIT US! GRAB HIM, ONE O' YA! WE'LL GIVE HIM A GOIN' OVER THAT'LL LEARN HIM NOT TO OPEN HIS YAP TO THE PHANTOM RAIDERS!

IN THE MARAUDER'S BLIMP HIGH ABOVE THE HAPLESS SHIP...
LOOK! THEY'RE ROBBING THAT TRAWLER DOWN THERE! LET'S GET AT THE DIRTY RATS!
IN A FEW MINUTES! I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO FIRST!


MOMENTS LATER, AVENGING TWIN HURRICANES STORM THE CRIME-GRIPPED TRAWLER!
DE BATMAN AN' ROBIN-- WE DIDN'T KILL 'EM, AFTER ALL!
DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! WERE PHANTOMS.. JUST LIKE YOU!

IS THAT THE END OF THE ROUND OR THE BEGINNING?
IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING, M'LAD... ONLY THE BEGINNING!
BONG!


WHEN'RE YOU PHANTOM RAIDERS GOING TO DO SOME PHANTOM RAIDING? OR DO BATMAN AND I HAVE TO DO ALL THE HAUNTING?
ULP!

HEAVE HO, ME HEARTY!
BOUNDING, BOUNDING.. OVER THE SAILING MEN...

SUDDENLY, AN URGENT CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS!
HURRY UP AND GET DE REST OF DE GUYS FROM DE BLIMP!
YEAH! WE SURE NEED 'EM!
DON'T BOTHER---
THEY'RE COMING DOWN TO MEET YOU! I OPENED THE GAS VALVES AND LET THE HELIUM OUT!
SO THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE DOING BEFORE WE GOT INTO THE FIGHT, BATMAN! NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND THAT BIG BOSS THE MOB WAS SUPPOSED TO PICK UP!
A FURTIVE MOVEMENT CATCHES BATMAN'S EYE AND, QUICK AS A COBRA, HE LANCES INTO ACTION!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY DON'T YOU CONCENTRATE ON THOSE GANGSTERS?—OOF!
I AM! I'M AFTER THE HEAD OF THE MOB—AND THAT'S YOU!
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, BATMAN! MR. GIBBONS CAN'T BE CONNECTED WITH THE GANG! WHY IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF HIS BONUS AND COMING ALONG TO HELP FIGHT THAT WE WENT OUT FISHING AT ALL!
WHICH WAS JUST WHAT HE WANTED YOU TO DO... SO HE COULD HAVE HIS MEN ROB YOUR SHIP!
I CHECKED ON GIBBONS THIS AFTERNOON. HE WAS SELLING SHARK LIVERS THROUGH HIS REGULAR CHANNELS! BUT IF YOU FISHERMEN WERE BEING HIJACKED, WHERE DID HE GET THEM FROM? THE ANSWER IS... FROM HIS GANG OF VITAMIN VANDALS, THE PHANTOM RAIDERS!
THE FOLLOWING DAY...
GOSH, BRUCE! HOW CAN YOU BE SO LAZY WITH THINGS HAPPENING RIGHT OVER YOUR NOSE!
A NEW THEORY OF MINE... YOU'VE GOT TO SOAK UP ENERGY TO SOCK THE ENEMY! SO LIE DOWN AND TAKE IT EASY!
VITAMIN VANDALS VANQUISHED
12

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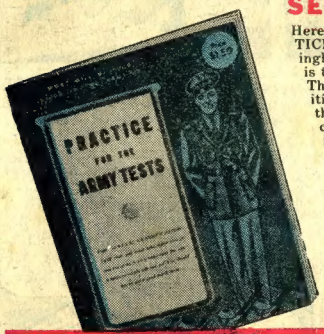


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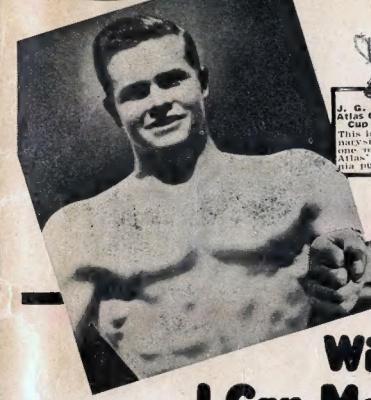

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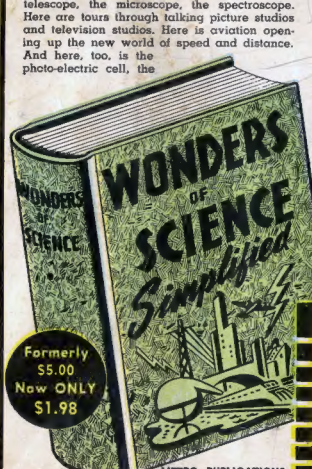


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